AFTERPLAY:

How to Get Rid of Your Partner After Sex

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How to get rid of your partner after sex!

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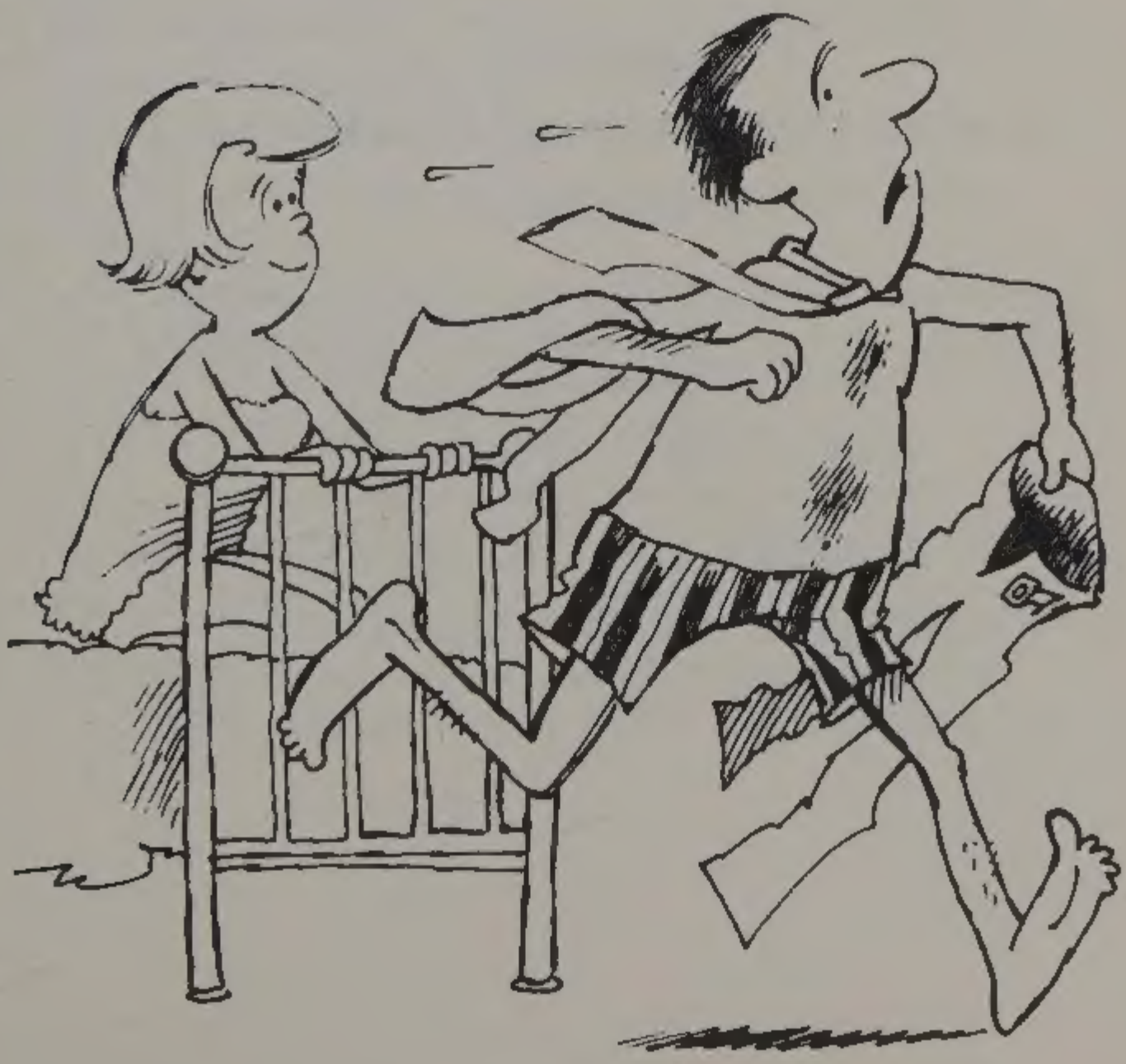

AFTERPLAY...How to Get Rid of Your Partner After Sex

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INTRODUCTION

A major problem in this age of sexual freedom and activity is getting your bed partner to leave once coitus has occurred. Sex partners tend to remain where they are; smoking, talking or clinging.

The reasons for speedy post-coital departure are varied:

a) You have to get up early.
b) You have only booked the motel for four hours.
c) Someone else is visiting you at the motel and you have to straighten out the beds.
d) You have met someone new.
e) You want to go out and meet someone new immediately.
f) You are missing Johnny Carson.
g) You are positive your dog has to go for a walk.
h) You think you left your car lights on.

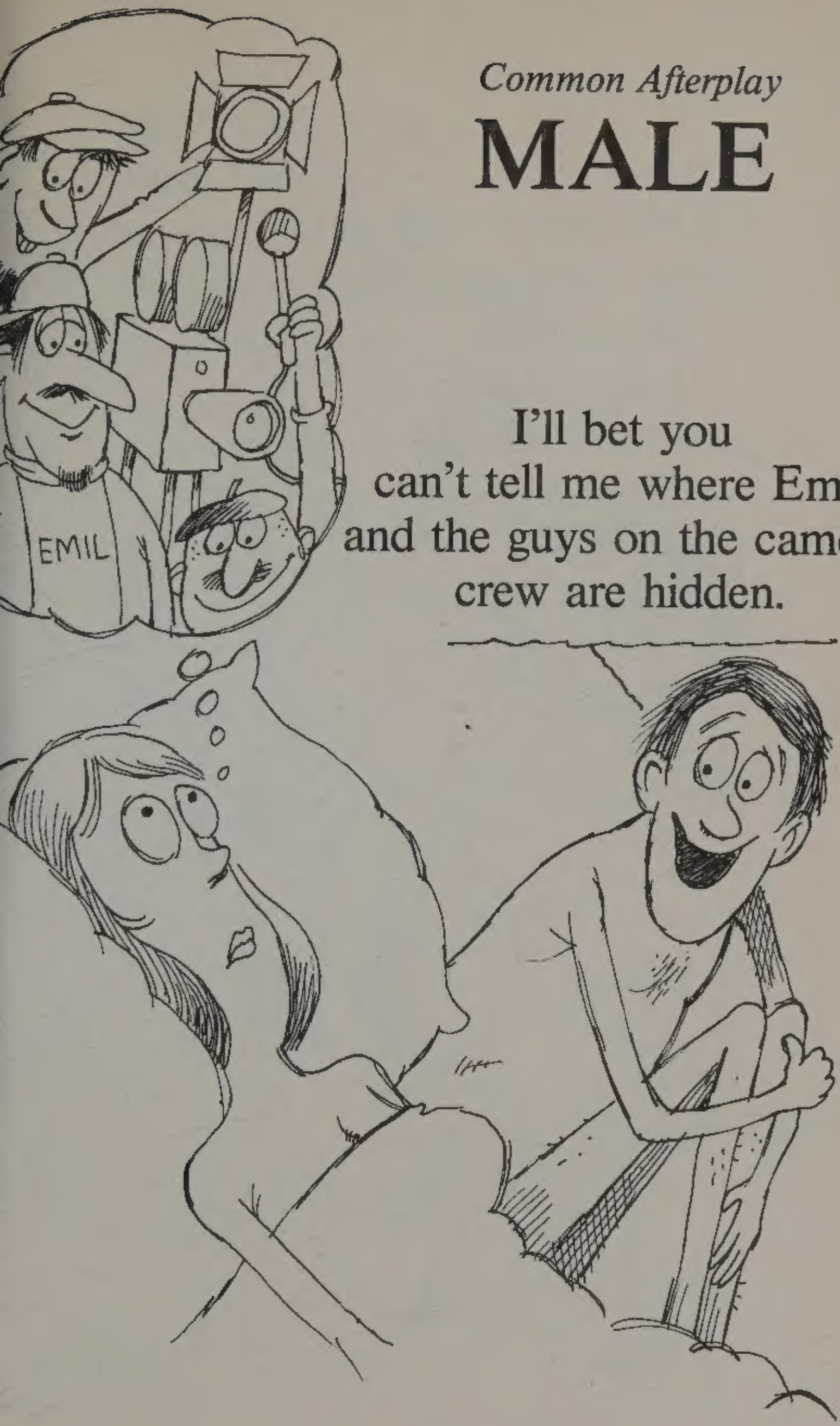
Used correctly, this post-coital guide will cause your bed partner to leave, usually in a matter of minutes.

COMMON AFTERPLAY

Common Afterplay is generally used first. It is simple and effective and should get the desired results.

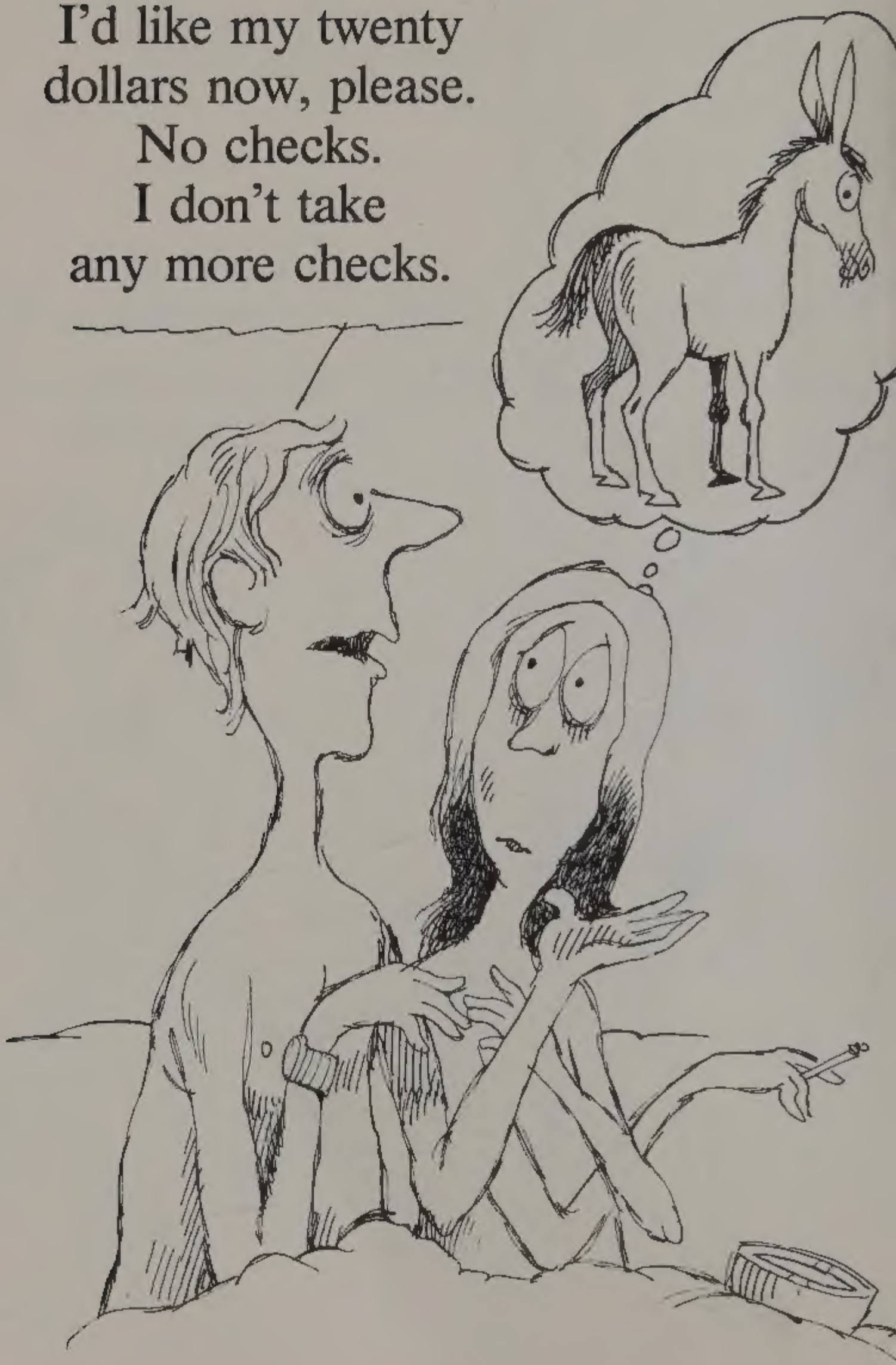
Common Afterplay

MALE



I'll bet you
can't tell me where Emil
and the guys on the camera
crew are hidden.

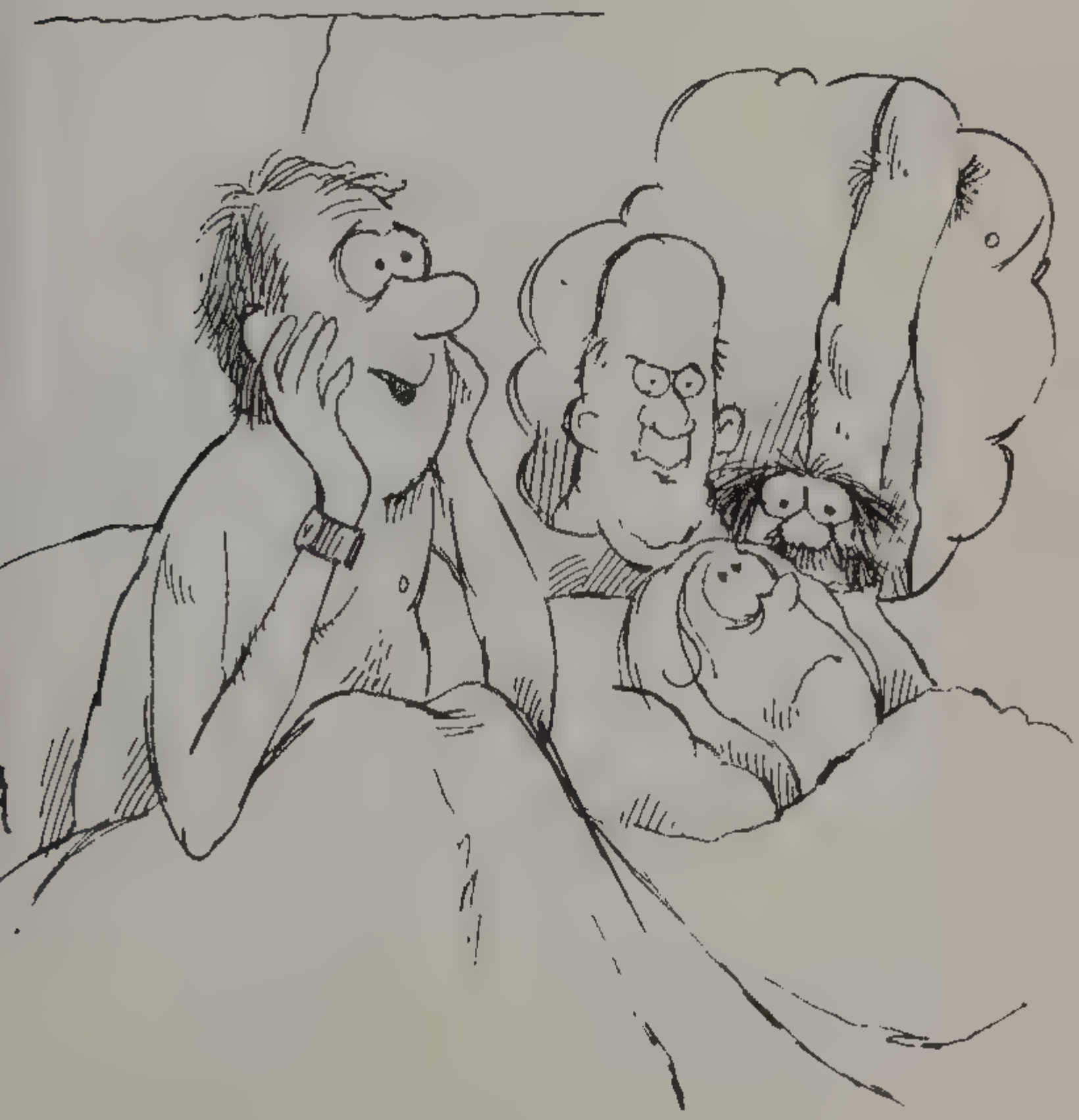
I'd like my twenty
dollars now, please.
No checks.
I don't take
any more checks.



I can't wait to tell
Elliot how kinky
I've been tonight.
He'll absolutely hemorrhage.

Boy, you're good.
Where did you learn
all that stuff?
Are you a professional?

Next time, I'll bring
my buddies Skinhead,
Tiny, and Underarms.
I never seen nobody
they don't like. Nobody.



I can hardly wait to
tell my real
girlfriend Laverne
about this,
Wow, will she be jealous!
Want to see her picture?

I guess you're sort of going
to be my slave from now on, hah?
What's women's lib compared to
raw, male, animal magnetism?
I guess it's my aura, Hah?

In my Zen Book of Books, it says, "And what is the sound of one person having intercourse". Now I know.

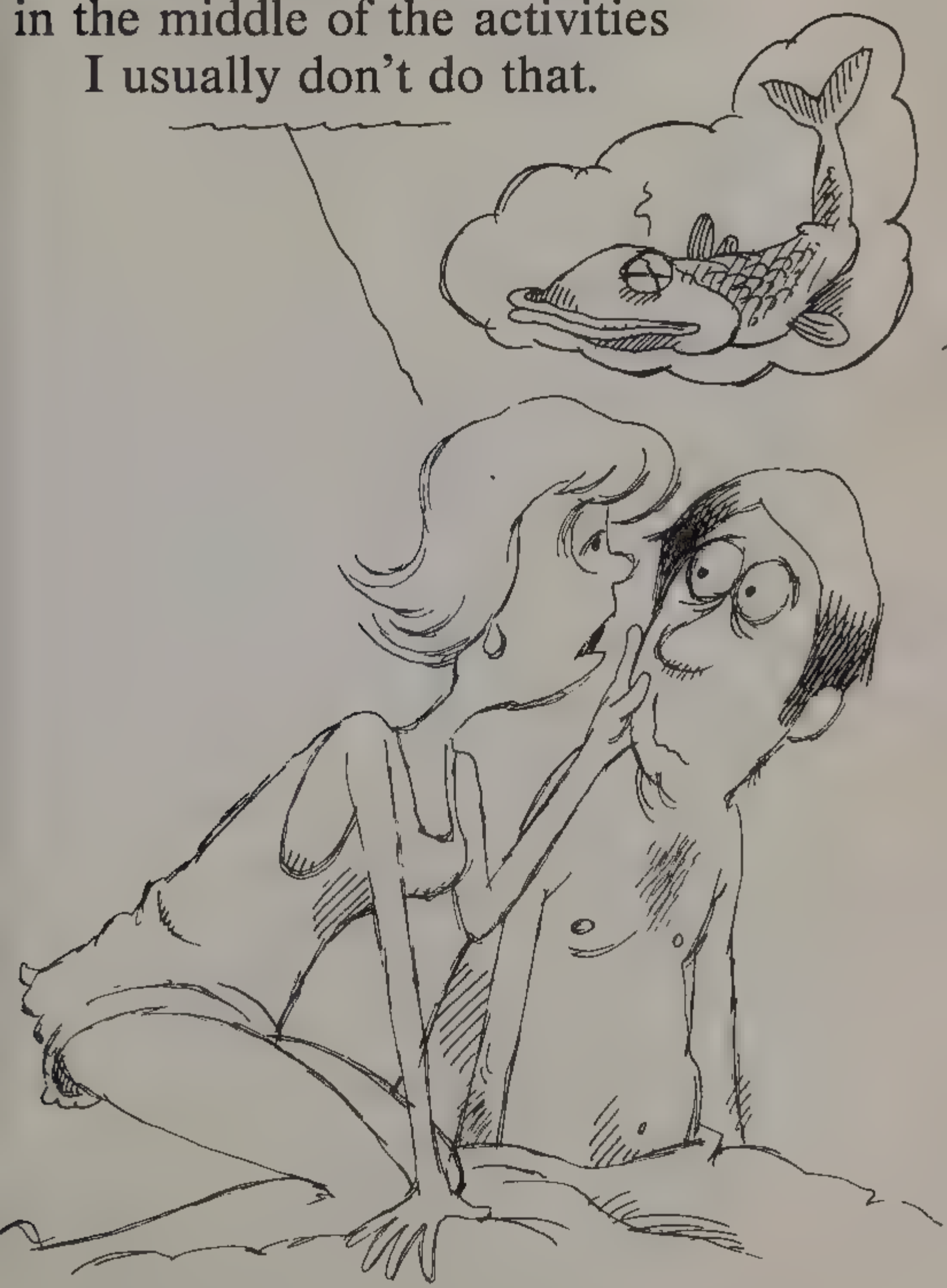
I've been wanting to ask you a question all night. You'll most probably think it's silly, but I have to ask you. Do you believe in love at first sight? I mean, emotionally speaking, is such a thing possible? Say– could I look at you, for instance, and fall in love, just like that? I'm asking because I saw a girl this afternoon that really shook me up. She was thinner than you, but, you know, bustier. And she didn't have such small eyes. In your opinion, can a man fall in love just like that?

Frankly, it's extremely difficult
for me to have any respect
for a girl who would do this with me.

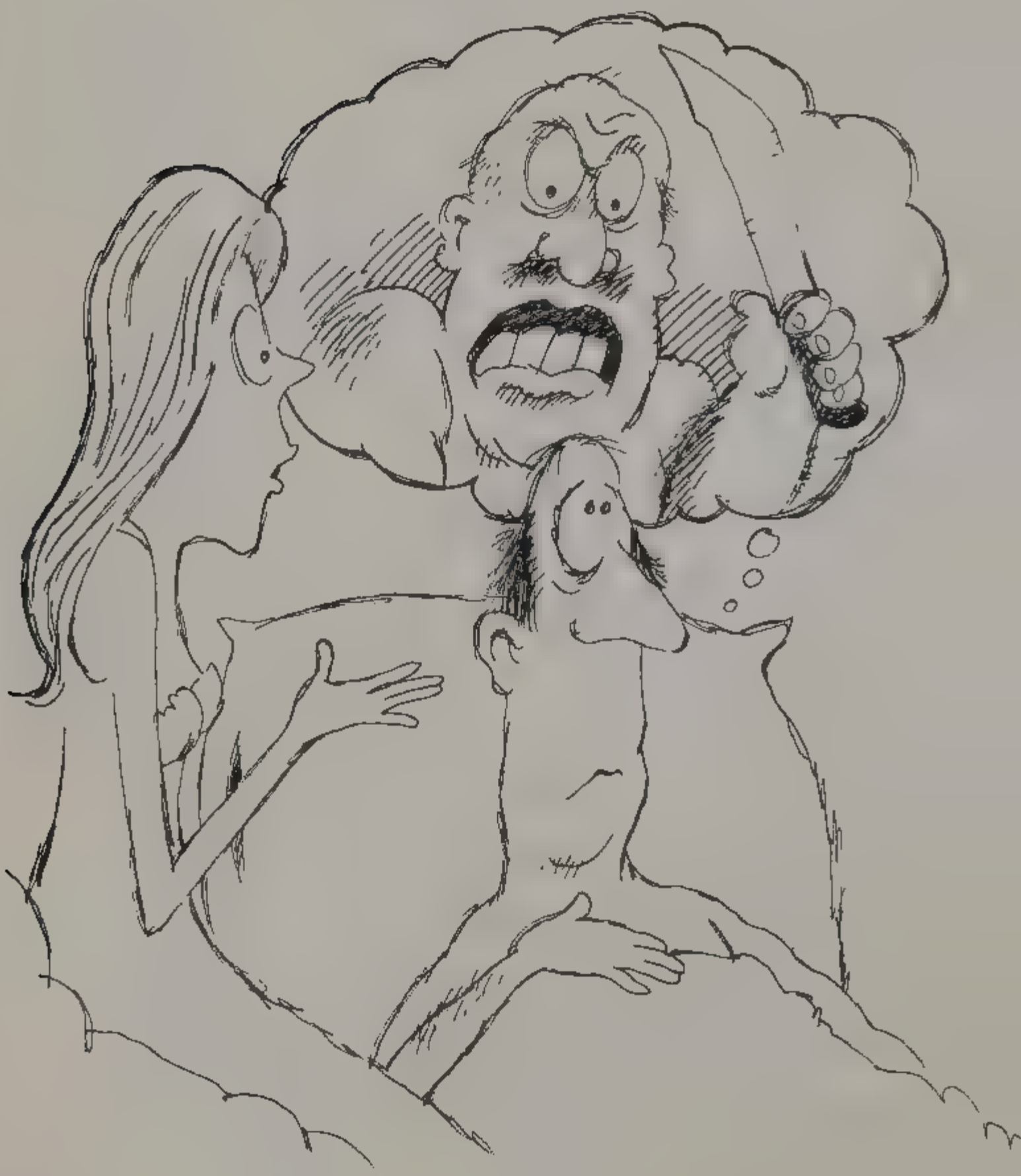
Common Afterplay

FEMALE

I'm sorry I fell asleep
in the middle of the activities
I usually don't do that.



The reason I'm a little fidgety is that Brunno usually comes by at this time. Him and his crazy jealousy and his stupid machete. I never should have given him the key.



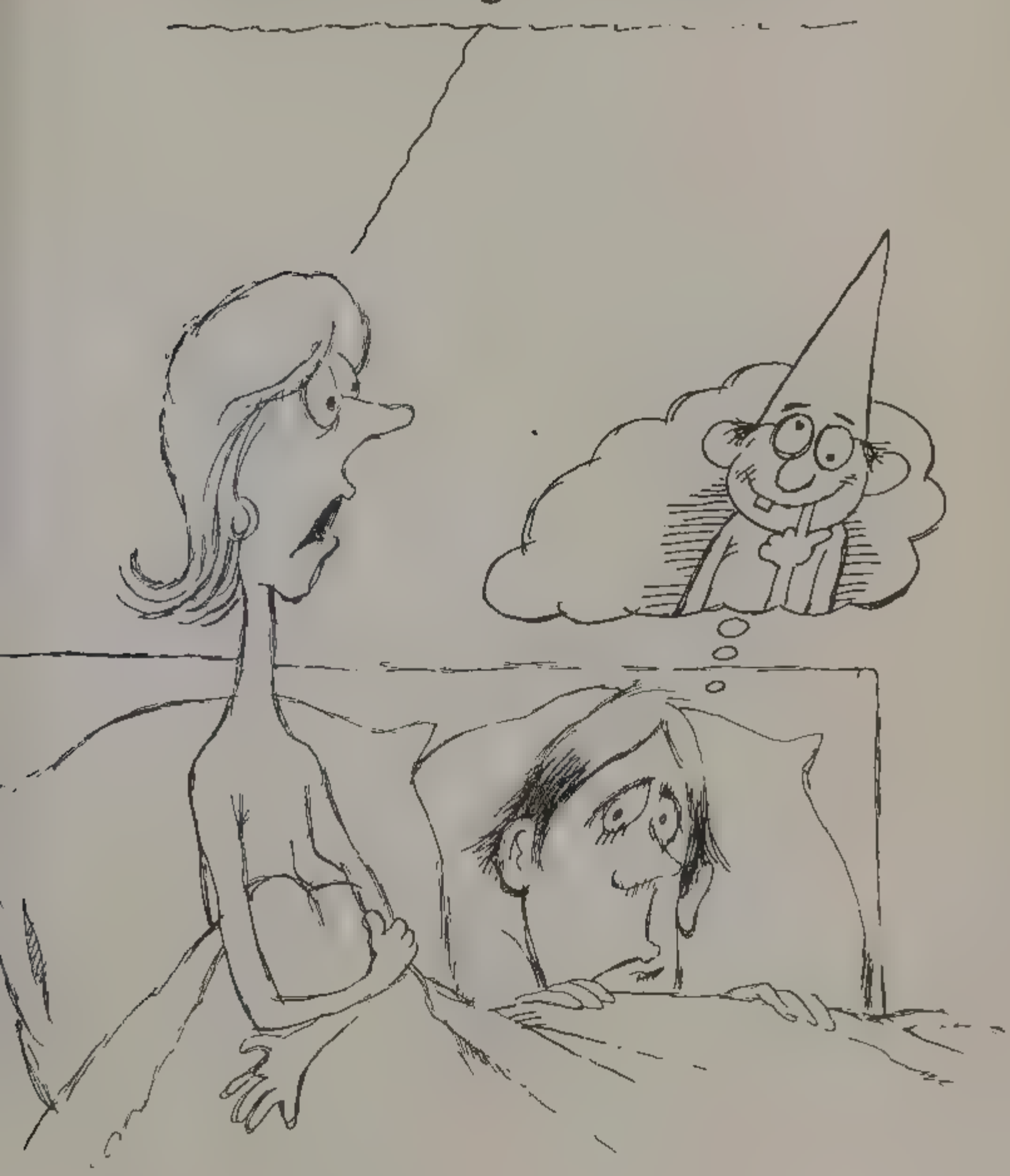
Do you like contemporary
or colonial furniture?

You'll never guess who
I fantasized your were.
I wonder if he's still around?

Well, how do you like sex? All things considered, I must assume this was your first time.

That was really nice.
Sort of . . . restful. It's good
to have a quiet night
like this every once in a while.

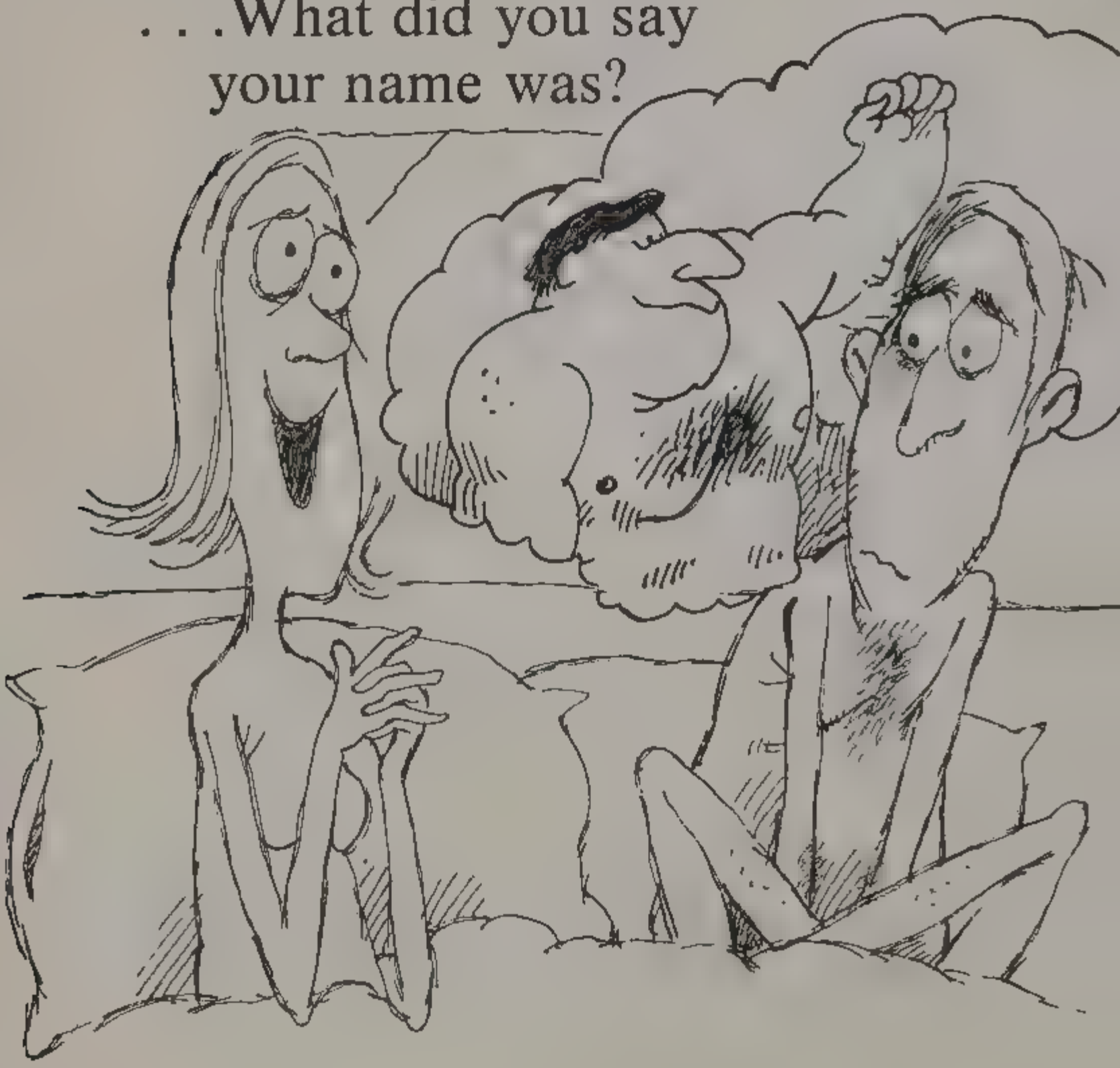
I have to say you've
taught me something tonight.
I shall certainly be a lot more
discriminating from now on.



Who was it that said,
"When heavy breathing and
onions come in the door,
Love flies out the window"?

There's a lot of great colognes
out for men, now.
I mean, they really work.
I was just wondering if you
knew about them?

I'm sorry I was a little bit
out of it tonight.
Last night I had this really
fantastic sexual experience.
I mean, I'm still **limp**,
actually **limp**. That crazy
wonderful guy!
Oh, that big, crazy, wonderful,
exciting guy! Want to hear
what that crazy stud **did** to me
. . .What did you say
your name was?



CRITICAL AFTERPLAY

If, for any reason, Common Afterplay fails to budge them, go immediately into Critical Afterplay.

Critical Afterplay

MALE

With those thighs, I'll bet chafing is really a problem.

I've never seen you
without makeup before.
I have to admit, you're really
a genius with that stuff.

Is it hard to walk with
your toes shaped like that?

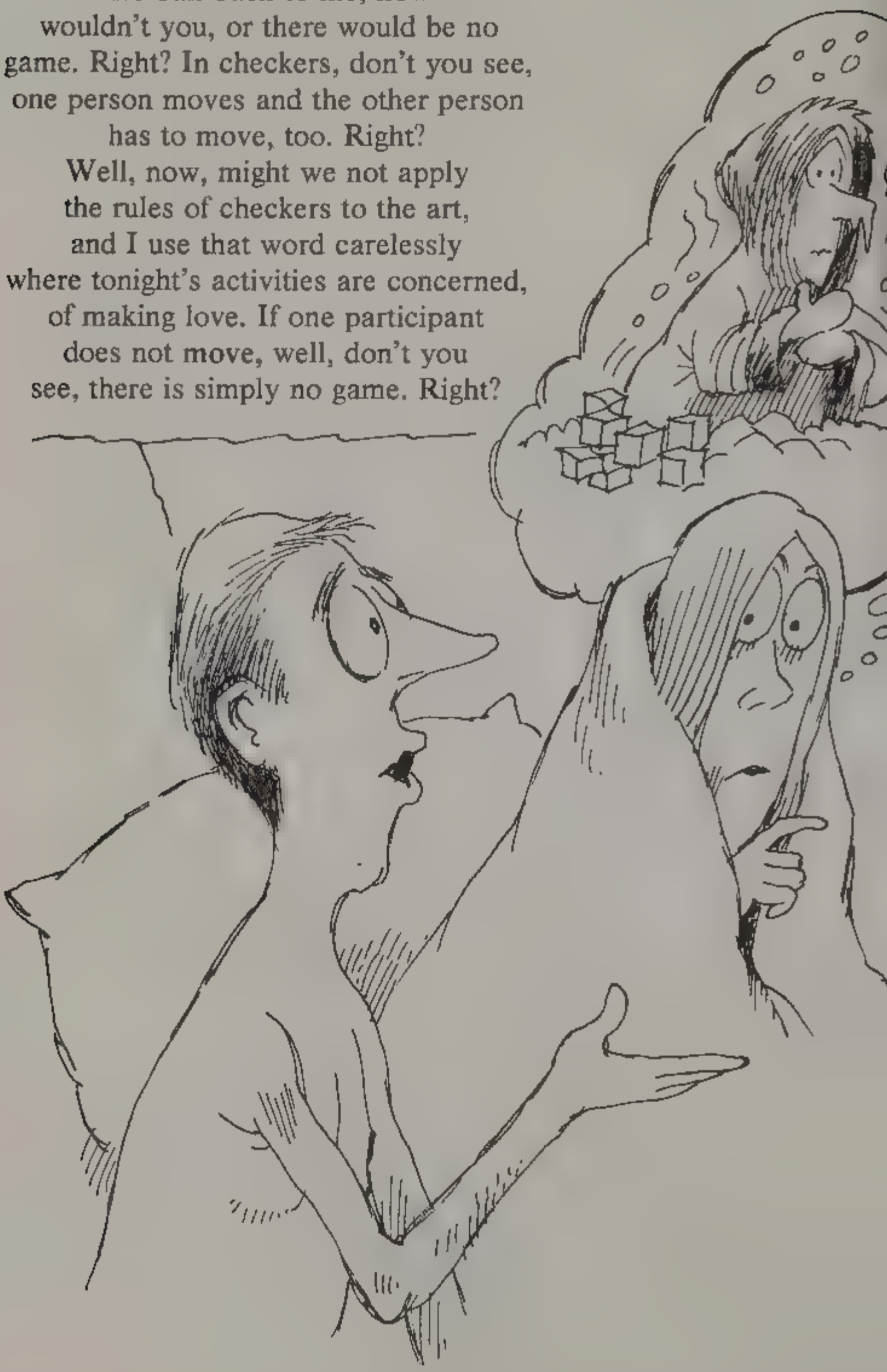
Has cellulite in those funny places always run in your family?

Whoever said,
"Anticipation always exceeds
Reality" sure knew what
they were talking about.

O.K. How long do you intend to keep this farce up, Mac. Three things told me you were an F.B.I. man. One, the way you walk. Two, your skin. Three, the amount of body hair.

I guess it really is true.
Pound for pound,
women really do have more
fat on them than men.

I don't know if anyone has ever taken the time to explain this to you, but, you see, intercourse should be a sort of **reciprocal** thing, an activity where not just **one** person, but **both** parties involved . . . participate. If we were playing tennis, you would sort of **have** to hit the ball back to me, now wouldn't you, or there would be no game. Right? In checkers, don't you see, one person moves and the other person has to move, too. Right? Well, now, might we not apply the rules of checkers to the art, and I use that word carelessly where tonight's activities are concerned, of making love. If one participant does not **move**, well, don't you see, there is simply no game. Right?



Critical Afterplay

FEMALE

Do you realize that
I missed two of my favorite
soap operas. For this.

I'm such an awful speller
when it comes to my diary.
How do you spell inadequate?
One n or two?

On a scale of one to ten,
I'd give tonight a definite nine.
That was some restaurant you took me to.
Eight points for that alone.

Let's really keep in touch.
I think, mentally, we have a lot
to offer each other.

I'm sorry I almost got
hysterical back there. It was rude.
It's just that when you were walking
toward me with the light behind you . . .
do legs like that run in your family?

Women are delicate, sensitive,
human beings. They have areas
called erogenous zones all over their bodies.
How you could have made love to me
and not touched a single one of them
shall forever remain a mystery to me.

HOSTILE AFTERPLAY

In cases of clinging, Hostile Afterplay may be employed. Speak clamly, in clipped precise tones.

Hostile Afterplay

MALE

Intercourse as foreplay tends to excite me. I'll get the whips, hoods, and Dobermans as soon as I finish tying you up.

You're the first woman I've ever
slept with
that I didn't attempt to strangle.
How about tomorrow night?

This was O.K., but it really
wasn't sex.
Real sex is a man and a woman
wrestling in mud.
It's armholds and legholds and
karate chops,
and especially biting,
lots of biting.
And a lot of rabbit punches.
Did I mention rabbit punches?

Next time we'll do it
so I can have some fun, too.
I'll be King Kong and you'll be
Fay Wray and you can stand
on my hand and scream and scream,
and I'll just smile in my funny way,
and smash some toy trains,
and I'll smash 'em,
and just smash 'em . . .

You are, physically, a very interesting person.
I have never seen such irregular teeth, tiny breasts, large ears, and a forehead like that. Were your parents first cousins?
Was there an uncle involved somewhere?
An aunt? Hmmm?

Hostile Afterplay

FEMALE

How was it for me?
I'm sorry you asked that.
I found you extremely dull,
small, and inexperienced.
Your foreplay was child's play,
your positions tedious, and your
technique ludicrous. Nothing
personal, you understand.
I'm just answering your question.

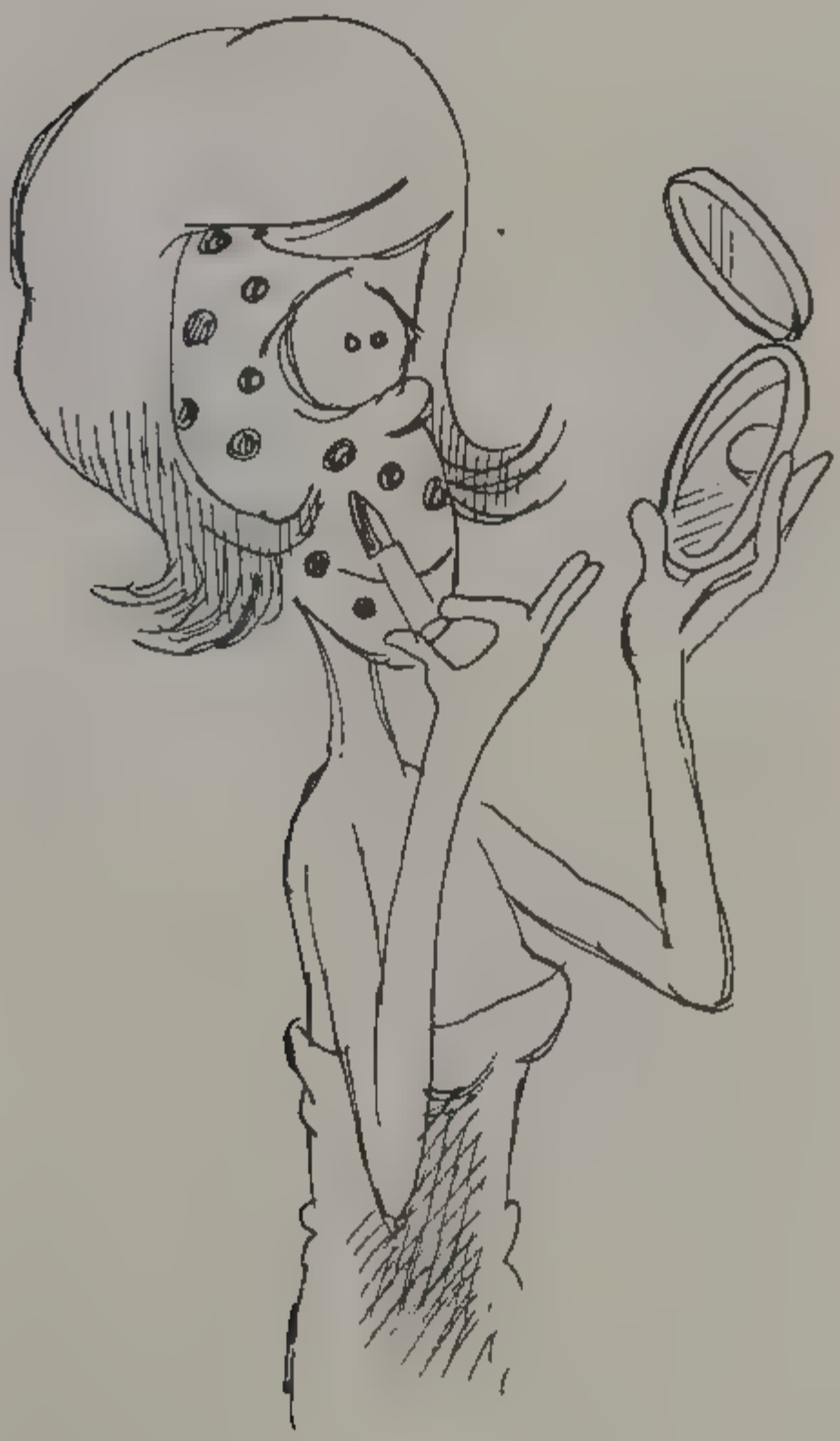
My nickname was Bunny in High school. What was yours, Tiny Tim?

I want to thank you.
Now that I know sex for what
it really is, I can
concentrate totally on my career.

Tonight has been quite
an experience.
I've never actually fallen asleep
during intercourse before.
I dreamed I was having dinner
with a large, heavybreathing
sloth and I was trying and
trying to get him to pass the salt.

HYPO-CHONDRIACAL AFTERPLAY

There will be severe cases where none of the preceeding comments will work.
Launch immediately into
Hypochondriacal Afterplay.

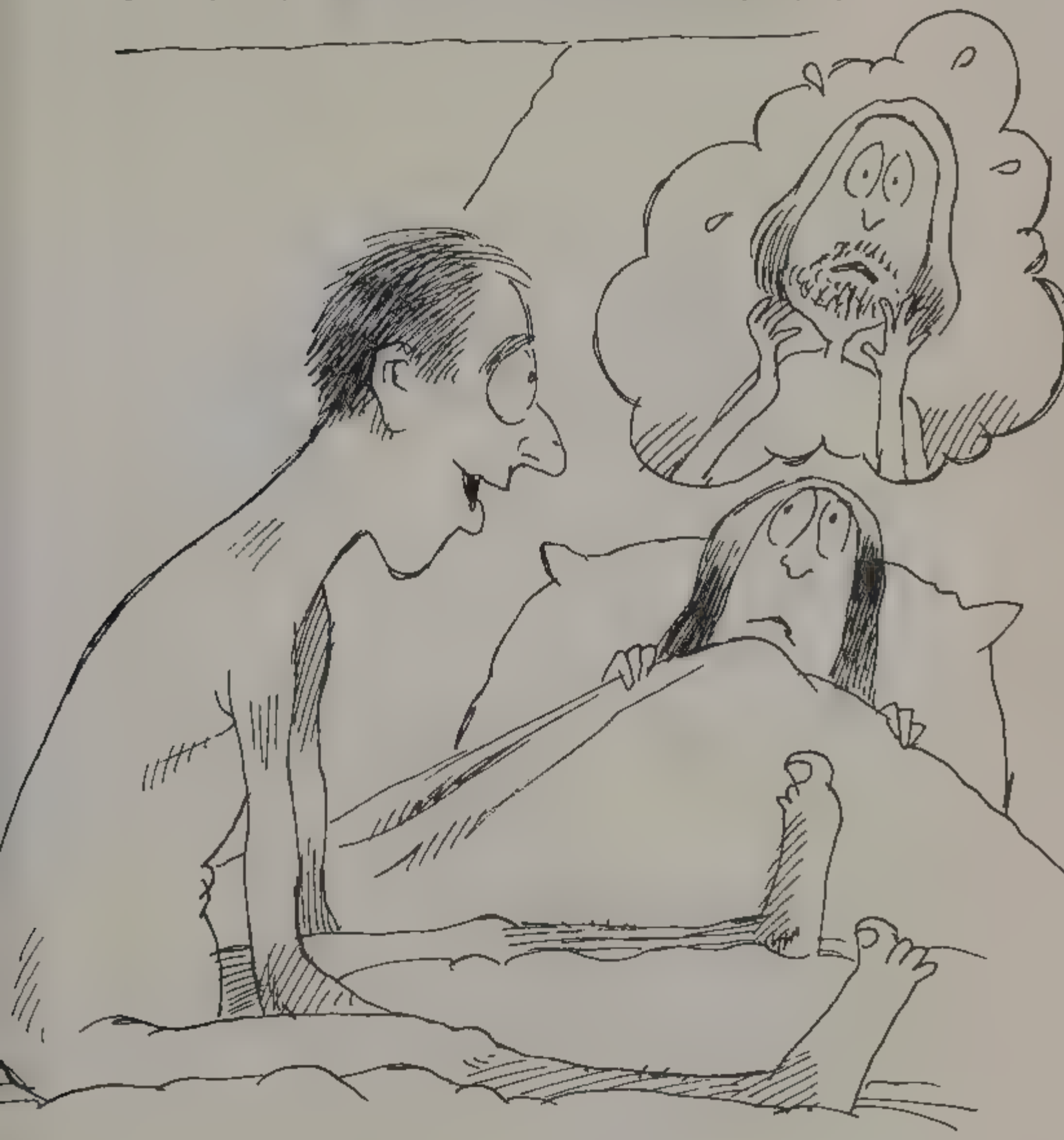


Hypochondriacal Afterplay

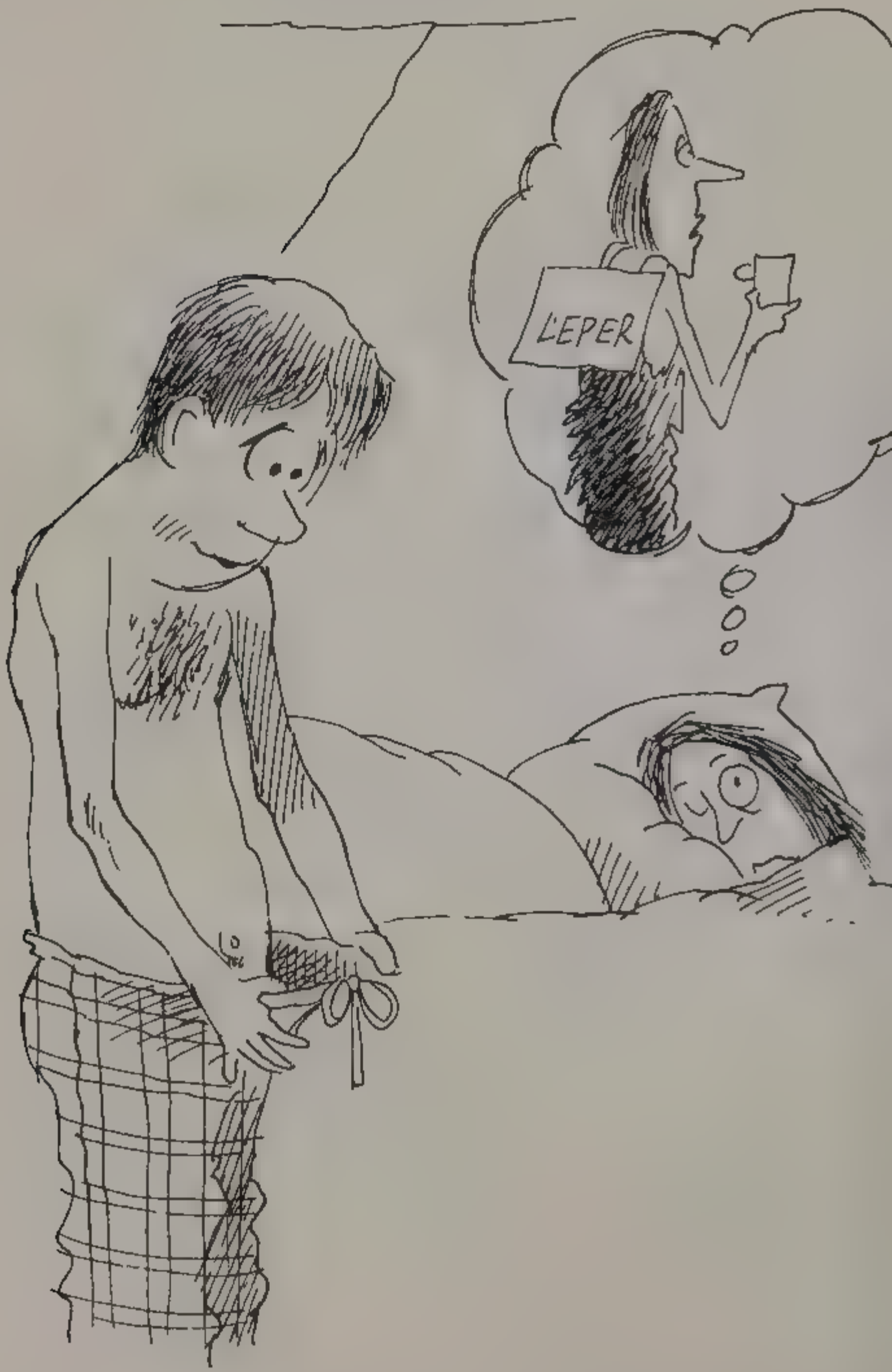
MALE

I guess I should have
asked you before.
Can venereal disease be
transmitted this way?

I can tell you, it's really great
to finally meet someone who's
not afraid of my
Chronic Korean Trenchmouth.



Do you believe, as I do, that all these green blotches are hereditary rather than contagious?



I know this scratching
doesn't look
too romantic, but did you
ever feel that every single hair
on your body was on fire?

I guess I really should get up and apply my Hide-A-Fungus. All of it seems to have rubbed off.

Hypochondriacal Afterplay

FEMALE

I like you, You're not a
sissy like my gynocologist.
He won't examine me, he won't
even get in the same
room with me.
Strange man.

I got a funny letter from my doctor today. Really crazy. Something about he was positive that a Dr. Wasserman wanted to test me, or that this Dr. Wasserman was positive he **had** tested me. The man is really cracking up. I don't even **know** a Dr. Wasserman.

I really shouldn't be smoking.
Not with this strep throat.

My regular boyfriend's a real nut.
He says that from now
on our sex life
is going to include Herpes, too.
Probably some greek guy.
So far, he hasn't
brought anybody.

I read in the papers that certain
types of gonorrea
are resistant to penicillin.
I don't think that's true,
do you?
I mean, really, do you?
It's very important to me.

Do you know that when I got back
from Hong Kong last month,
they didn't even want to let me
in the country.
I had to swim ashore.
All because of that
silly Department of Health
and their silly regulations about
incubation periods,
whatever that is.

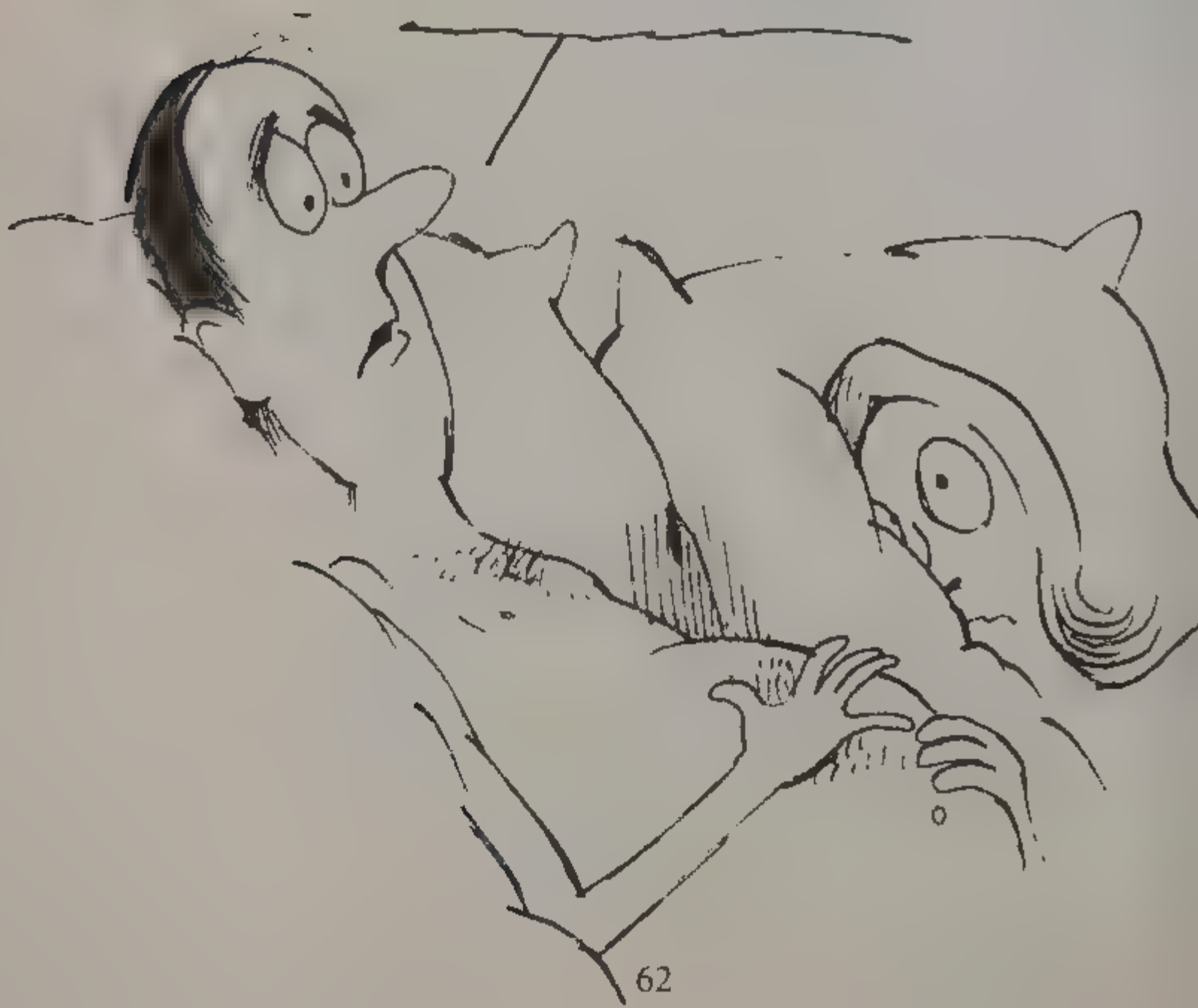
VULGAR AFTERPLAY

If you are unfortunate enough to still have your bed partner with you, it may now be necessary to resort to Vulgar Afterplay.

Vulgar Afterplay

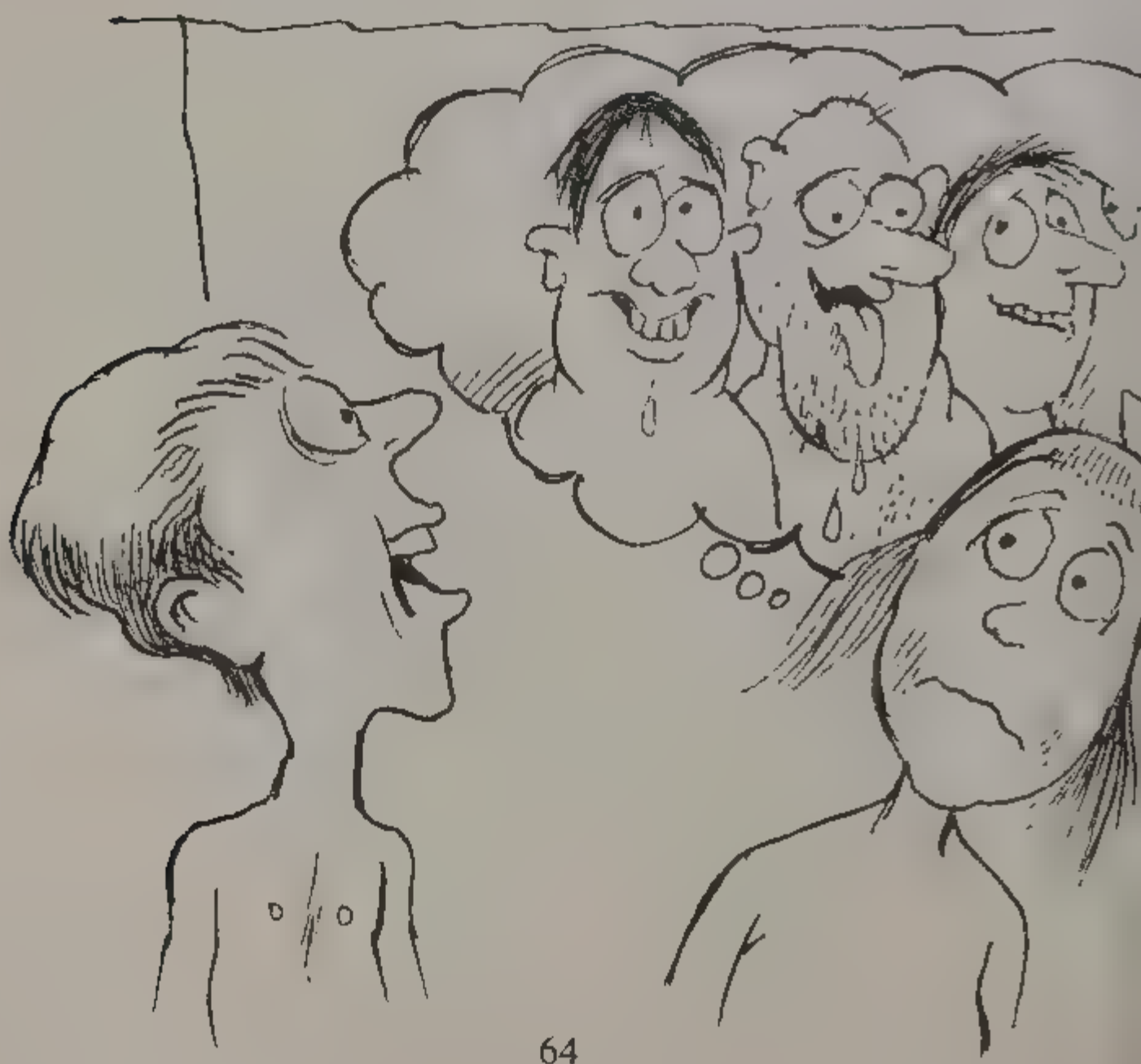
MALE

The reason my stomach rumbled there
at the end was that when I get
excited my digestion goes all haywire.
All those stomach acids and all that
undigested food just keeps turning and turning
and heaving and turning.
Then it all suddenly stops and just lays there,
like it's waiting.
I don't know or what.
Then all of a sudden it'll start again,
heaving and turning and churning and turning.
If you listen very carefully
you can still hear it.



We both got lucky tonight.
Sometimes my bridge
gets caught
in the girl's earring and I have to
leave it there until my dentist,
Dr. Frobisher, has time
to remove it.

You know, the best part about all of this
is tonight,
when I tell all the guys about it.
Can you see their faces? Iggy will go nuts.
He always liked you so much.
Herbie will start his fake drool,
where he lets the saliva ooze
down into his beard.
And Angie! Angie'll start to jump around
making those sex noises and
yelling your name and writing it all
over the walls and stuff.
Moose! He's the nuttiest of all. He'll most
probably call you up and pretend he's whacko,
or something.
And Frog! He really is whacko.
You know, whacko, scary, funny.
He'll most probably show up at your
place some night. That's just like him.
You won't have any trouble recognizing Frog.



I'm sorry that I sweat so much.
I mean, I really sweated tonight.
Pours right off me, doesn't it.
My whole family are sweaters.
You should see my aunts and uncles on a really hot day. You talk about sweat!
Last Fourth of July we had this dinner.
You wouldn't believe it.
Twenty-two people in this one dining room.
Everybody was there. You've never seen my grandmother sweat. And Grandpa!
If you think I sweat a lot.
Well, you had to be there.

I'm sorry I really couldn't concentrate
on what was going on tonight.
When I get something caught in my tooth
like this, I'm just no good for anything.
I tried to get it out with my fingers when
you had your eyes closed tonight,
but it just stayed there.
It's driving me crazy.
I can't figure out whether it's a piece
of steak, a corn kernel, or what.
While we were making love,
I tried to remember what I ate all day.
It could be a piece of bacon left this morning,
but it doesn't feel like bacon.
It feels more like turkey. Or maybe ham.

FEMALE

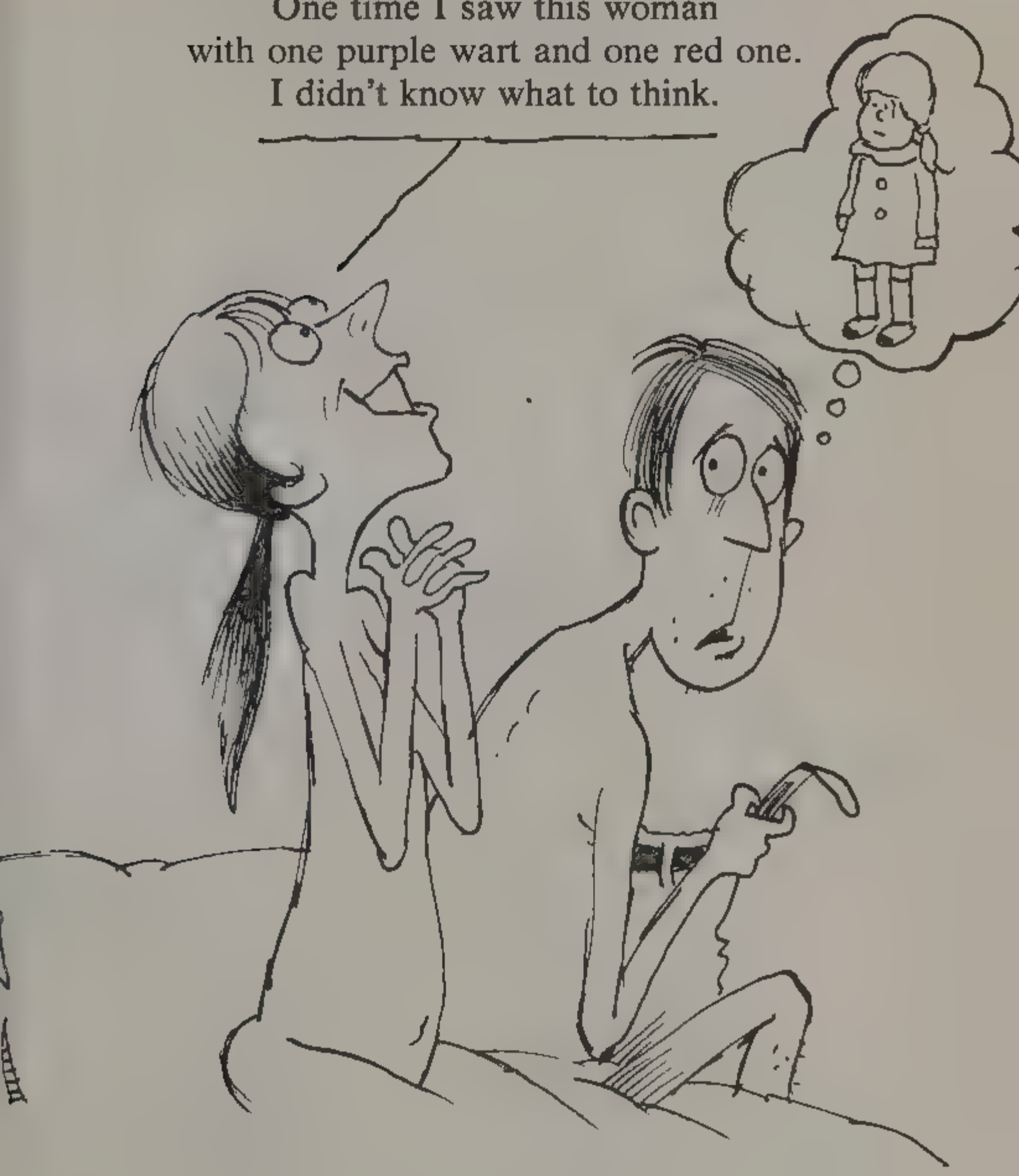
I don't think I've ever been so nauseous.
I have a very delicate stomach.
All that pushing and bumping and
whatever it was that you were doing back there
has really made me nauseous.
First I feel as if I'm going to throw up
and then it goes away a little bit.
Then I know I'm going to throw up,
and then it subsides again.
Then, all of a sudden, these waves come
over me, and I know I'm going to throw up.
I can't be absolutely positive,
but it's pretty sure that when I feel wavy,
like right now, that I'm going to throw up.

I couldn't help noticing while you were
kissing my neck a while ago,
you really have a problem with dandruff,
don't you. I mean, I've never seen anything
quite like it.
Most people have little round flakes,
but yours are huge. And they're not round.
They're all funny looking, like mixed nuts or
alphabet soup or something.
Or maybe like seashells.

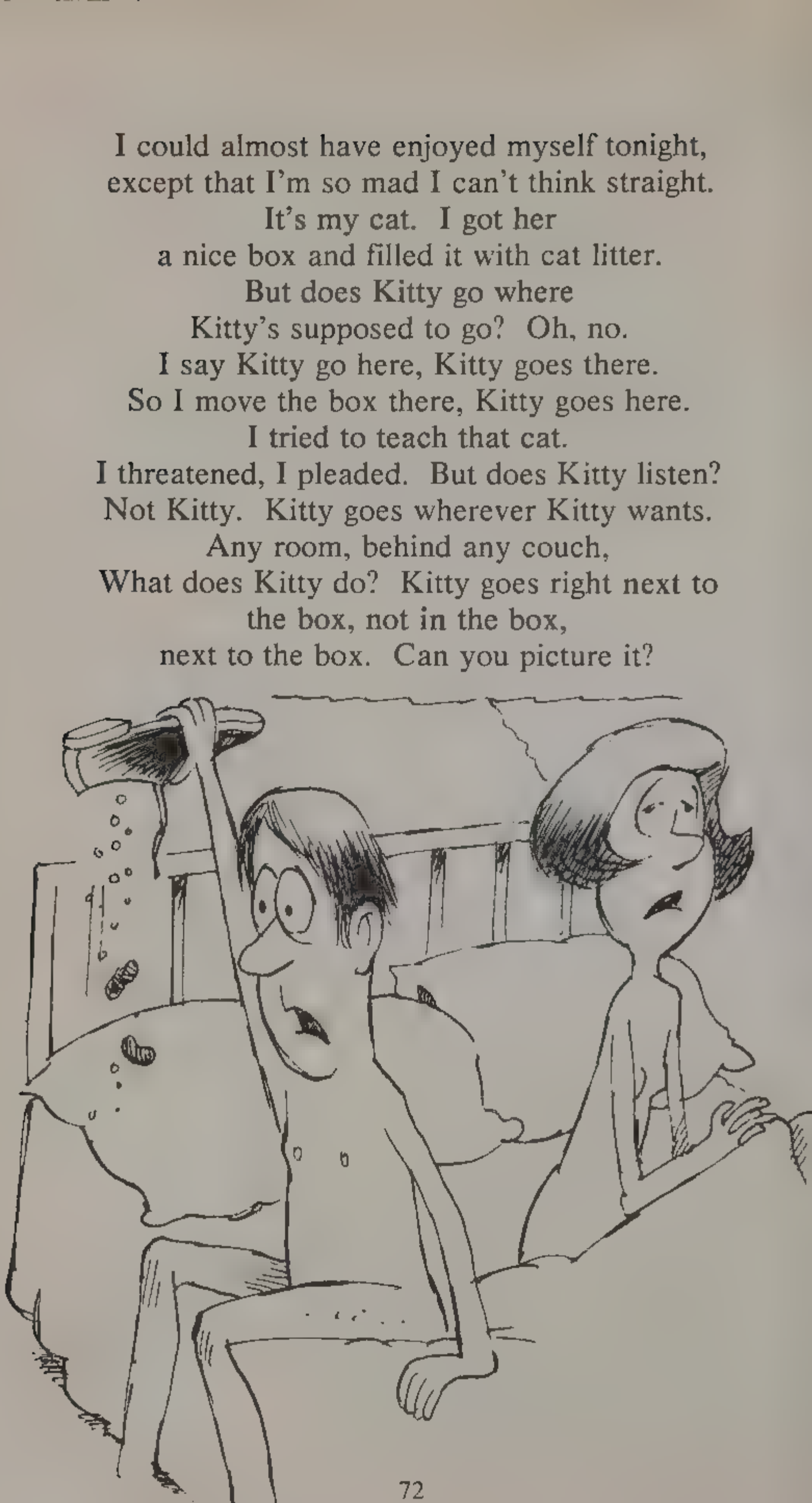
The reason I started coughing at the
'critical moment' back there is because
when I get just the least bit excited,
like tonight, my sinuses start dripping
like Niagra Falls.
They fill up and drip, fill up and drip.
I get headaches from the filling and the dripping
makes me cough.
Filling, dripping, coughing.
It could go on for hours.
That's when the rattling noise begins.

Did you ever notice how people's collars
get so dirty?
The rest of the shirt can be clean,
but the collars? I mean,
where does it come from? Why not the cuffs?
Are people's necks that dirty, that greasy,
to make a ring like that?
I mean, I can understand about
rings around bathtubs.
That's soap, dirt, grease, and what have you.
But around collars?
Where's your soap? Where's your grease?
You know what I mean?

When I was a little girl, I used to
think that all women with warts
on the ends of their noses were witches.
If the wart was purple, she was a good witch.
If the wart was red, she was a bad witch.
One time I saw this woman
with one purple wart and one red one.
I didn't know what to think.



I could almost have enjoyed myself tonight,
except that I'm so mad I can't think straight.
It's my cat. I got her
a nice box and filled it with cat litter.
But does Kitty go where
Kitty's supposed to go? Oh, no.
I say Kitty go here, Kitty goes there.
So I move the box there, Kitty goes here.
I tried to teach that cat.
I threatened, I pleaded. But does Kitty listen?
Not Kitty. Kitty goes wherever Kitty wants.
Any room, behind any couch,
What does Kitty do? Kitty goes right next to
the box, not in the box,
next to the box. Can you picture it?



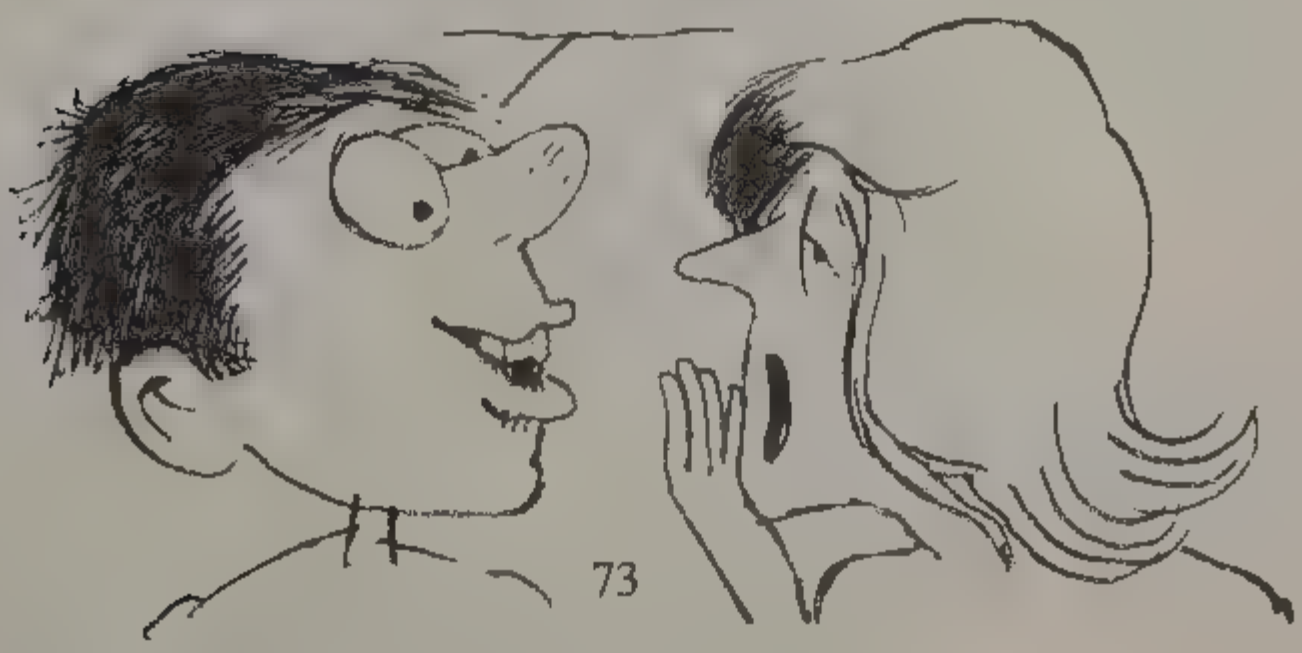
MONOTONOUS AFTERPLAY

Sometimes known as Afterplay Ad Infinitum,
this method is perhaps the most effective of
all. Use only in the most extreme situations,
with the knowledge that you may never
see your coital partner again.
You can ad lib on these. Be sure to continue
until you hear the door close.

Monotonous Afterplay

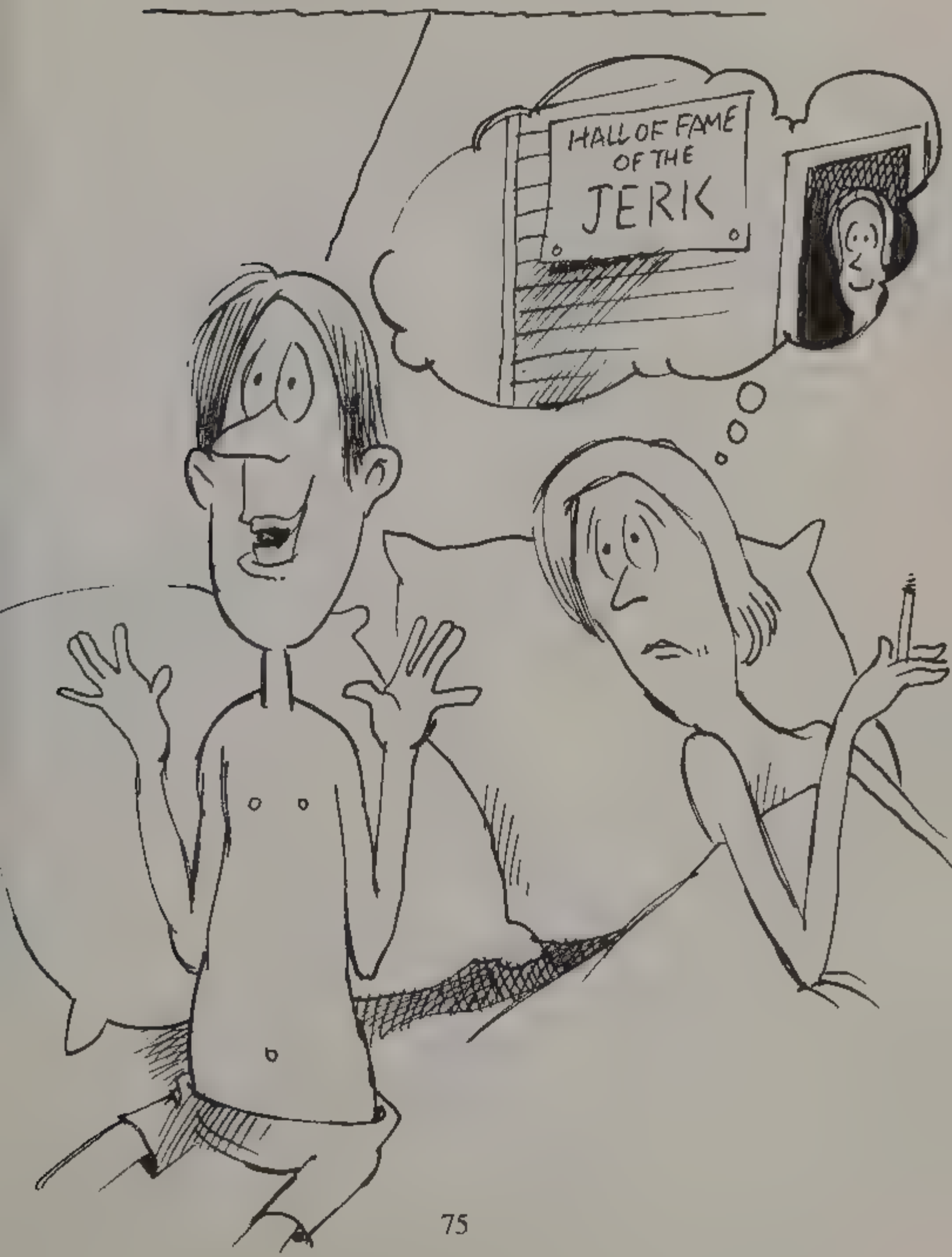
MALE

Was it as good for you as it was for me?
And then again,what does good really mean?
Pleasurably good? Healthfully good?
We enter the untamed jungle of semantics here.
Certainly it is not good as in good dog,
or good pizza.
We did not sit up, nor did we beg.
We did not have mushrooms or sausage
scattered about on us.
Not green peppers, not onions, not garlic.
We certainly didn't have anchovies lying
flat on us. Nor did we have cheese,
or spices, or .....



So you didn't have an orgasm. Nobody bats
a thousand you know.
Even the great all time baseball players never
batted a thousand.
Joe Dimaggio never batted a thousand.
The best he ever batted was 381, in 1939. Or was
it 1940? Mickey Mantle's best years
were 1956, and 1957.
He never batted a thousand and there were plenty
of strikeouts in there. Plenty.
Babe Ruth, between the years 1928 and 1929
only batted in the three hundreds.
You want to beat Babe Ruth?
You want to talk about Ty Cobb? In the years.....

Oh boy! Wow! That was really fun.
Don't you think it was fun? I'll say it was.
I mean, the whole thing was so sort of.....exciting.
Sex is really swell. Don't you think it's swell?
I can't ever remember having so much fun,
except maybe at Halloween parties an' stuff.
Did you ever bob for apples? I quess that's
about the most fun a person can have.
But this was fun, too. Was it as neat
for you as it was for me? As neat as, say.....?



Oh, my gosh. Look at the time. Oh, wait, I think
my watch has stopped.
Would you believe it? I just had it fixed, too.
No wait,It's ticking. Or is it ticking?
No, it's really stopped. Wait! I hear it ticking again.
But it's very irregular. There it is....tick,
tick, tick....nothing, nothing, nothing. Wait!
There was a little groan like .... tick, tick, tick,
tick, tick, groan .... tick .... groan.
My god, it sounds like a spring just uncurled
or something.
That must have broke .... wait! Tick, tick,
spring, tick, groan, tick, tick .... nothing,
nothing, nothing.
No it's really gone. I can't even hear...oh, Wait! Wait!
It sounds like there's a tiny frog in there or something.
Tick, tick, bedeep,tick. Tick, tick, bedeep, tick, tick,
tick, bedeep,tick, sproing. Tick, bedeep, tick, groan.
You woldn't believe this!
Nothing, nothing. There it is! Tick, tick, bedeep, tick,
sproing, tick, groan, Tick, tick, bedeep,tick, sproing,
tick groan. Tick, tick.....

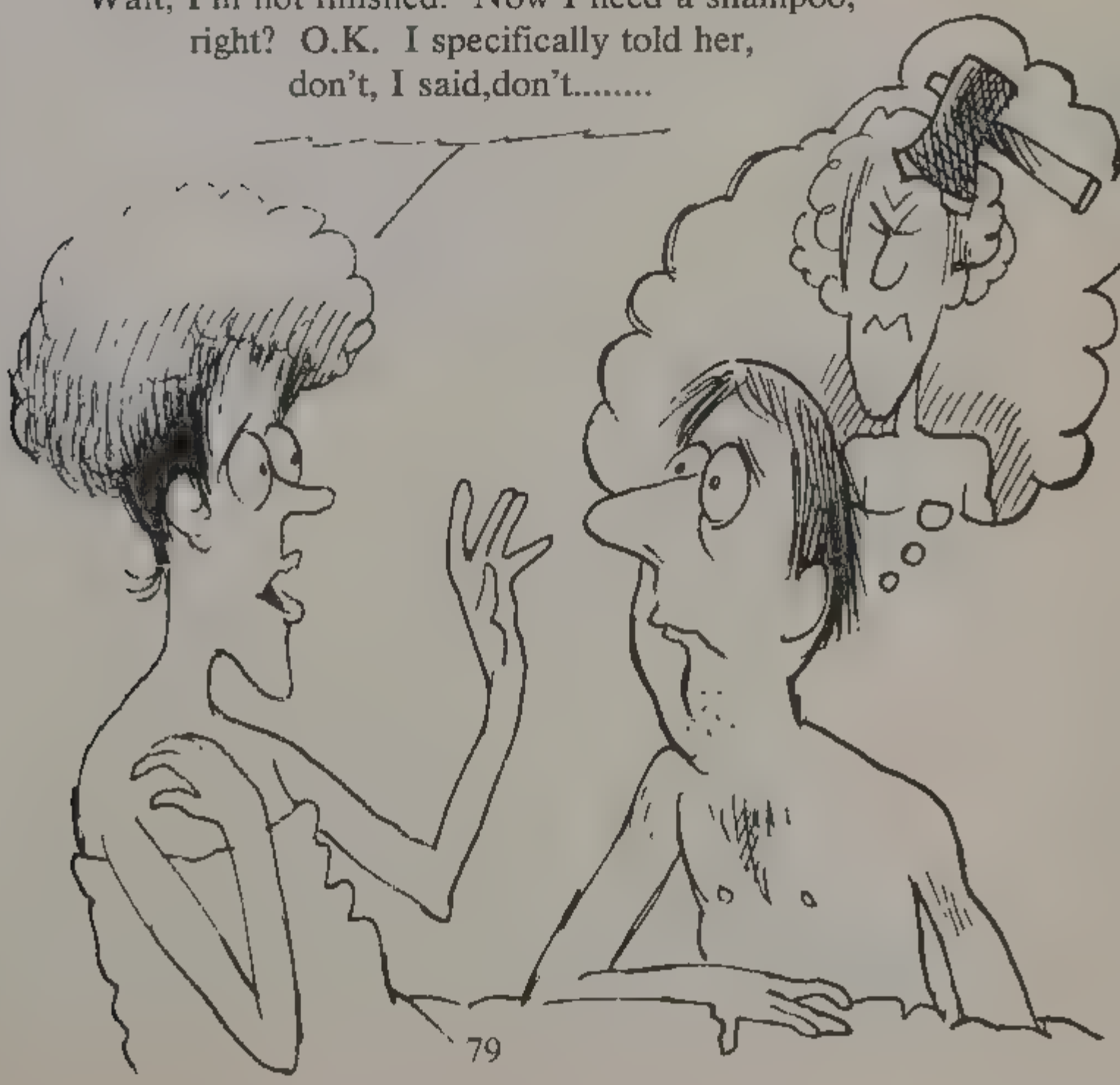
Monotonous Afterplay

FEMALE

I don't think I'll ever get over it. It was
like great oceanic waves, swelling, crashing,
and then swelling, only to crash again.
Or maybe like an entire mountain of jello
cascading down onto a plain of aspic, plunging,
tumbling, sliding, only to plunge again.
Or like two gigantic stars meeting in space,
bursting into a million hot fragments,
hot, hot, flaming, only to burst again.
Or maybe like.....

You know, for a moment there, just a fleeting instant,
you looked like my father.
Getting red in the face, your eyes
sort of bulging out a little bit,
That's the way Daddy looked when he got mad.
Break a tricycle, get your dress dirty, come home
late from school. Daddy was mad. He was always mad,
but kind of a loving mad, you know what I mean?
Like he'd want to spank you then hold you, and then
spank you all over again. But he never
really spanked me. Oh, he'd pretend he was going to,
but he never did. Not even once.
And then when I got older and used to go out on dates,
he'd always tell me to be home early.
I mean really early.
It was almost like he was jealous or something.
Of course,that's silly, but I used to stay out late
purposely just to make him jealous, I mean mad,
and then maybe he would spank me or something.
but he was always asleep and I'd have to wake him
and tell him how late it was and how I was sorry
and that I hoped he wasn't going to spank me
and he'd always just roll over and go to sleep again
and I'd have to keep waking him and waking him
and keep asking him not to spank me and then he'd
start to snore and I'd have to shake him and say.....

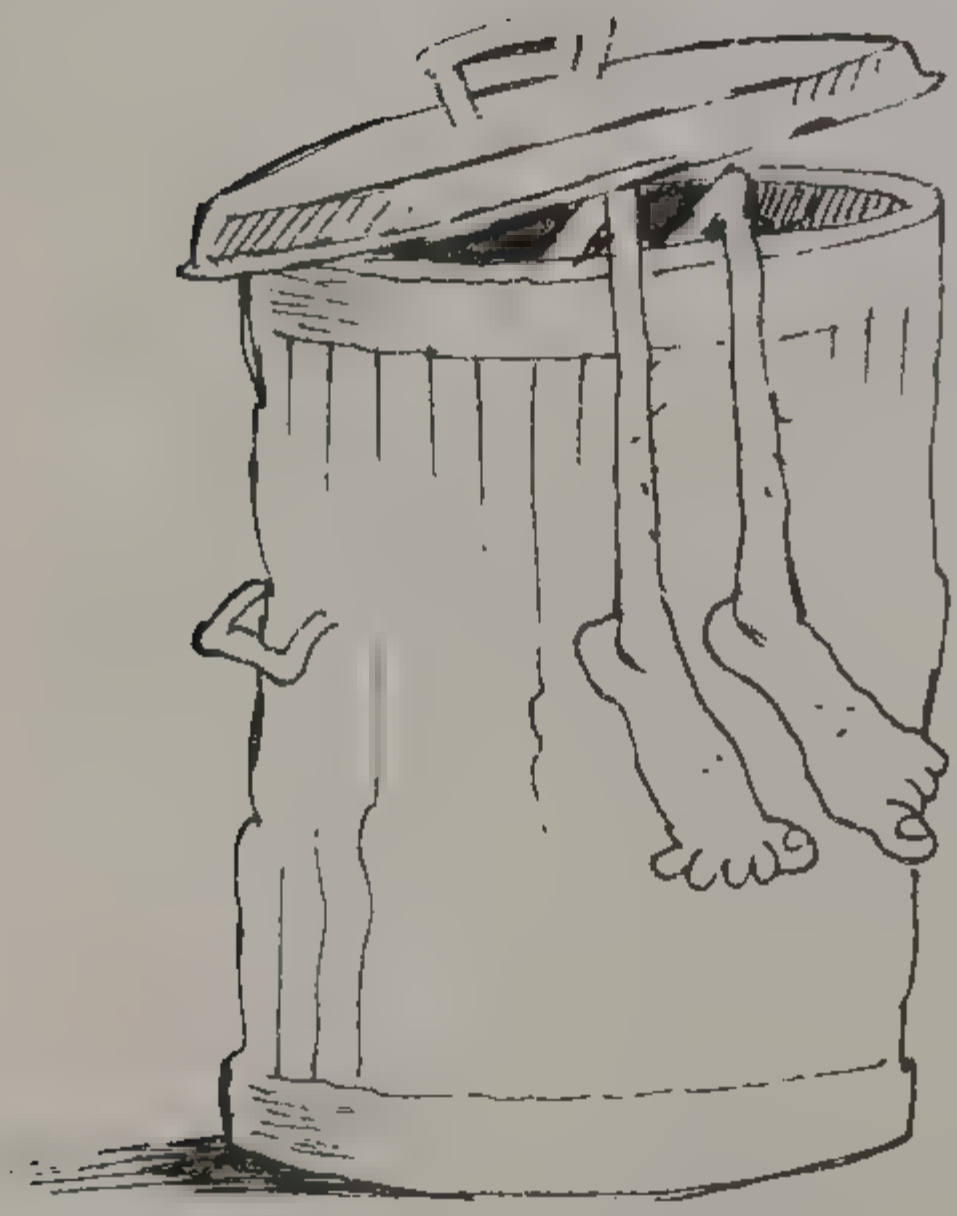
The reason I couldn't really get into it tonight
mentally or physically is because of what happened
this afternoon. I had a session at the hairdresser's
that you simply wouldn't believe. I mean the
experience was a truly unbelievable experience.
I mean, right away I knew it wasn't going to work
when they gave me Anna. I specifically asked for Gloria,
but they gave me Anna.
Talk about your premonitions. I mean,
the woman has to be a dental school dropout.
So I said to myself, O.K. This is life,
and I'm going to cope with it.
I will survive. So I was very specific.
Cut the lower curls, not too much,
just enough so that they'll sort of fold under,
not too tightly, just sort of a loose,
hanging curl. It that difficult?
That's not difficult, So what does she do?
A snip here, a snip there, I'm ruined.
I mean look at these curls. Do they fold under?
Don't look at me!
Wait, I'm not finished. Now I need a shampoo,
right? O.K. I specifically told her,
don't, I said,don't.....



DOMESTIC DECLINE AFTERPLAY

Once again, use only in the most extreme cases. Additionally, this method is excellent in getting rid of your partner on a permanent basis, or for obtaining divorces with property settlements in your favor.

Some material and costume preparation is necessary for thorough Domestic Decline Afterplay

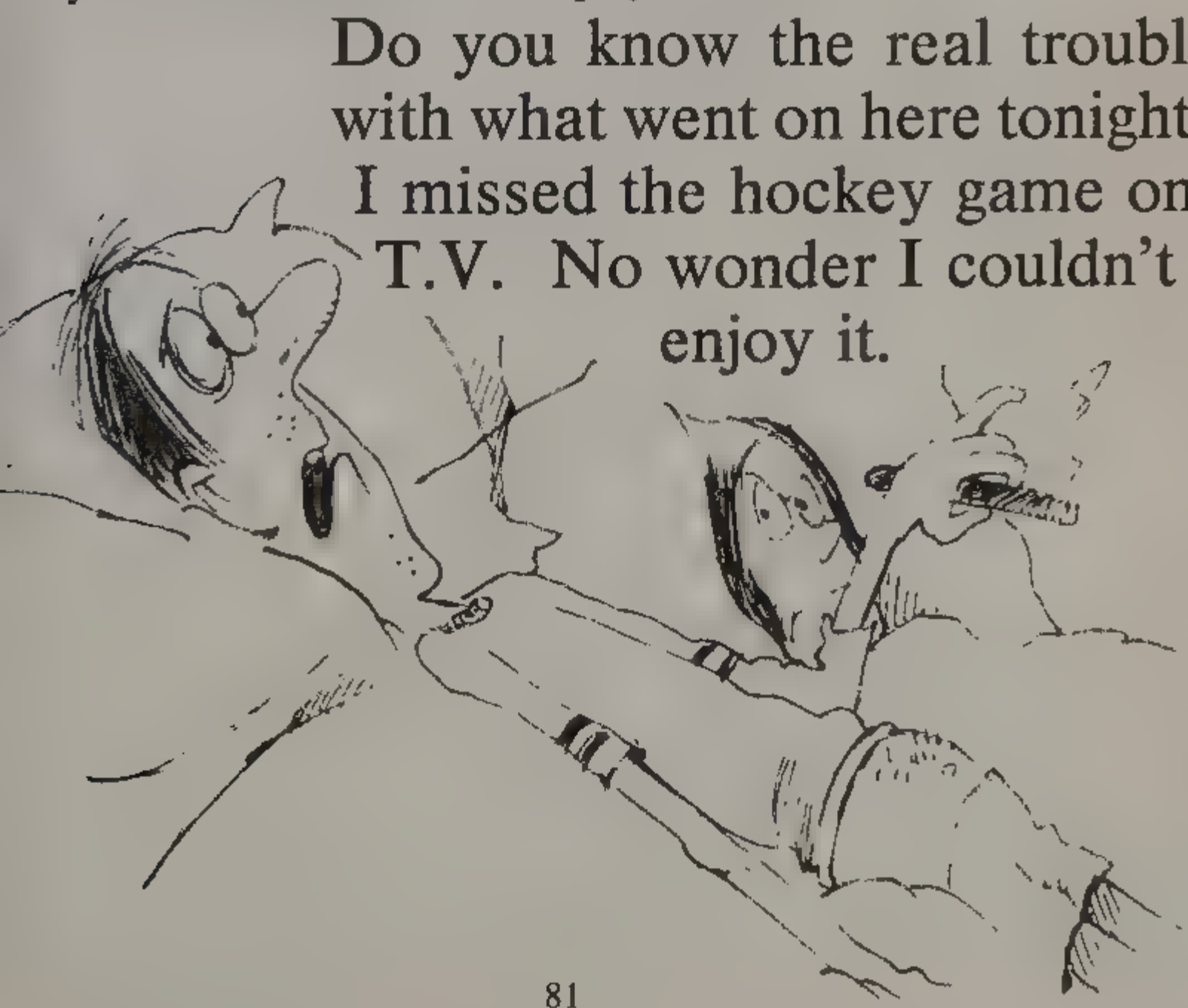


Domestic Decline Afterplay

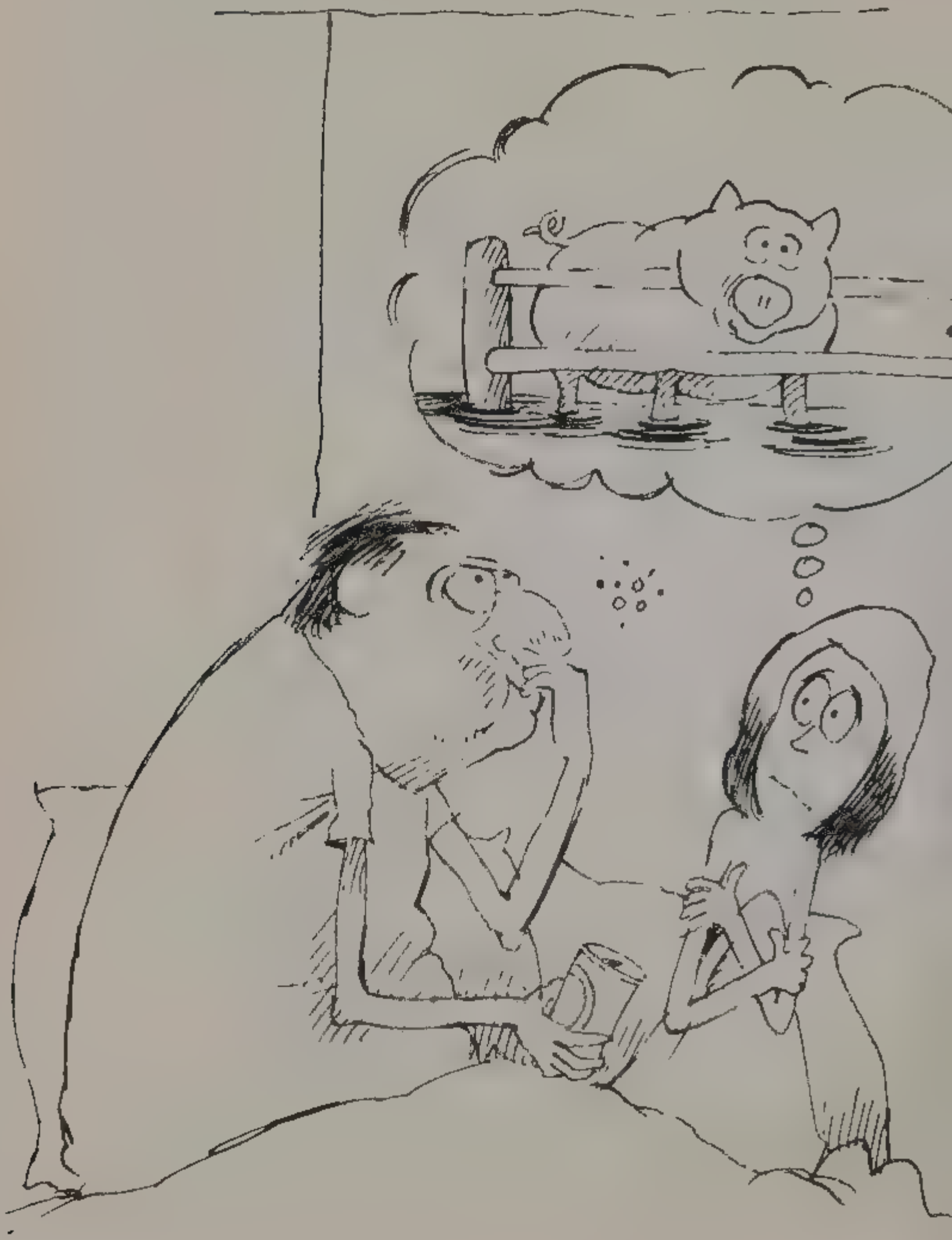
MALE

(Excuse yourself for a moment. Come back into bedroom wearing old army shorts three sizes too large, hanging below waist. Undershirt should have several holes in it and have large ketchup stain on front. Wear galoshes, open and flapping. Be smoking a short, thick cigar. Hold a mayonnaise filled sandwich in one hand and a well shaken six-pack of beer in the other.

Sit down heavily, put your feet up on bed, and place sandwich on stomach. Open a beer can. Be sure to direct spray onto nude body of partner. Pick up sandwich and press firmly, allowing large globs of mayonnaise to fall slowly onto chest. Scoop them off of undershirt with thumb and place in mouth. As beer cans are finished, crush them and place them on partners erogenous zones. Use partners navel as ashtray for cigar. Begin your Domestic Decline Afterplay comments now).



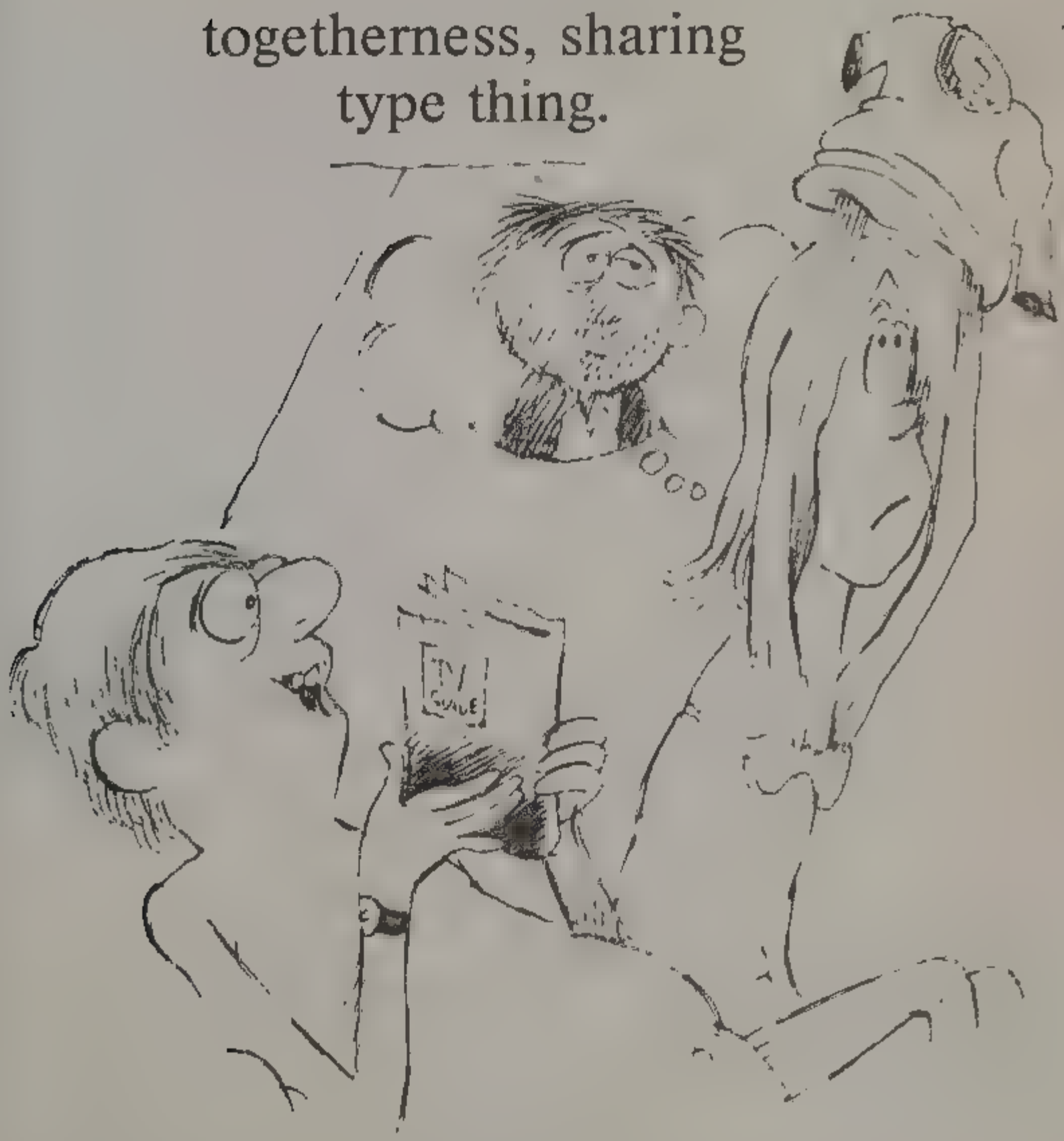
I'm glad all that romantic crap is over and we can just be ourselves. (Burp loudly).



Every time I kissed you I
was thinking about this
sandwich.
Mayonnaise and peanut butter.
I think I like sandwiches
better than sex. I can make a
different sandwich for every
night of the week.
Mayonnaise and grape jelly.
Onion and raw egg.
Onion and lime jello.
Onion and orange jello.
Garlic, anchovies,
and crushed pineapple. It's like
a party all the time.

Foreplay during prime time is wasted time, if you ask me.

You know, if you waitressed at
night after your regular work,
I could quit my job and stay
home and watch all the
T.V. programs.
Then when you got home late
at night, I could tell you all
about them.
It would be kind of
togetherness, sharing
type thing.



I save all my cigar butts.
With just a little bit of old
chewing gum, you can make
little log cabins
and stuff like that with them,
and put them all over the house.
It's my hobby.

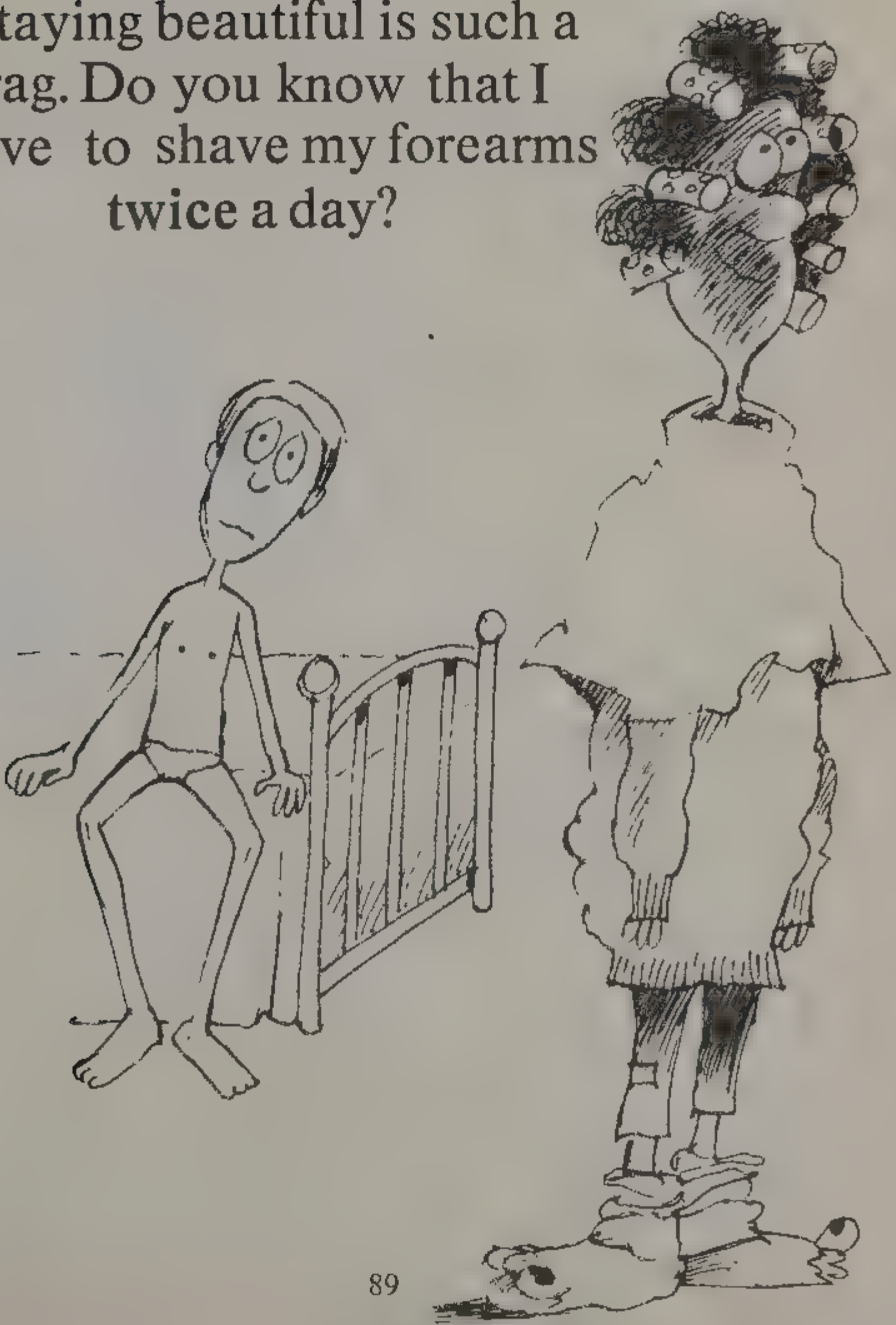
The reason I'm wearing
galoshes is that every sock I
own has a hole in it.
And I can't sew a stitch.
I'll bet you're good at it.
All women are good at sewing.
Especially socks.

You know what the best thing about getting comfortable with each other is?
You can scratch yourself whenever you want, whereever you want, and for as long as you want. (Accompany your words with the proper actions.)

Domestic Decline Afterplay

FEMALE

Staying beautiful is such a drag. Do you know that I have to shave my forearms twice a day?



You know what I like better
than sex? Chocolate.
Any kind of chocolate.
Now that I guess we're sort
of going steady,
it'll be a relief not to have
to worry about my skin or
my figure any more, and I
can look like I used to.

I almost forgot my nightly therapy-exercise routine. (Get off bed and duckwalk around bedroom, emitting primal screams repeatedly as you do so.)

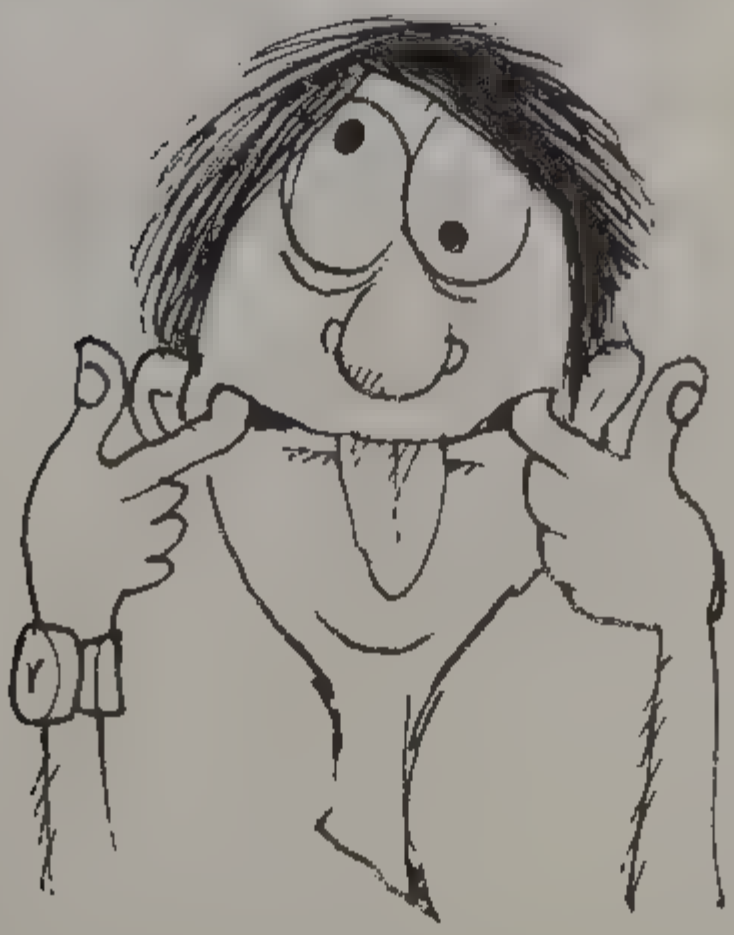
O.K. Meathead. Now that all the lovey-dovey garbage is over with, let's get to the nitty-gritty of this relationship.
Who's gonna' be boss?
Who's gonna call the shots from now on, you, pantywaist, or yours truly?

ABERRATIONAL AFTERPLAY

Aberrational Afterplay, the art of "cracking up", is very difficult to perform, and there is a slight risk of police involvement. Both men and women can use the same comments. Remember: it is only to be used in the rare instance that all other methods have failed to dislodge your coital partner.

Aberrational Afterplay

MALE AND FEMALE



Do you believe that cockroaches are really people who failed Biology in High School? And if I ate one today, does that make me a cannibal?

Did you ever lose your navel? Somehow you just know it's gone and you feel for it and it's not there? It happened to me in the library yesterday. I started to cry and everybody was shushing me and getting mad. Did you ever get your nose caught between your fingers? I mean really caught? It happened to me at the theater last week. I panicked and ran up the aisle screaming and everybody was shushing me and getting mad and throwing their programs at me. Did you every stick your tongue out and couldn't get it back,no matter what? Happened to me at the opera. I started to sob and then giggle and everybody was getting mad and hitting me with their furs and I ran away and fell into the orchestra pit. Things like that can happen to me at any moment. I just go berserk. I don't know why.

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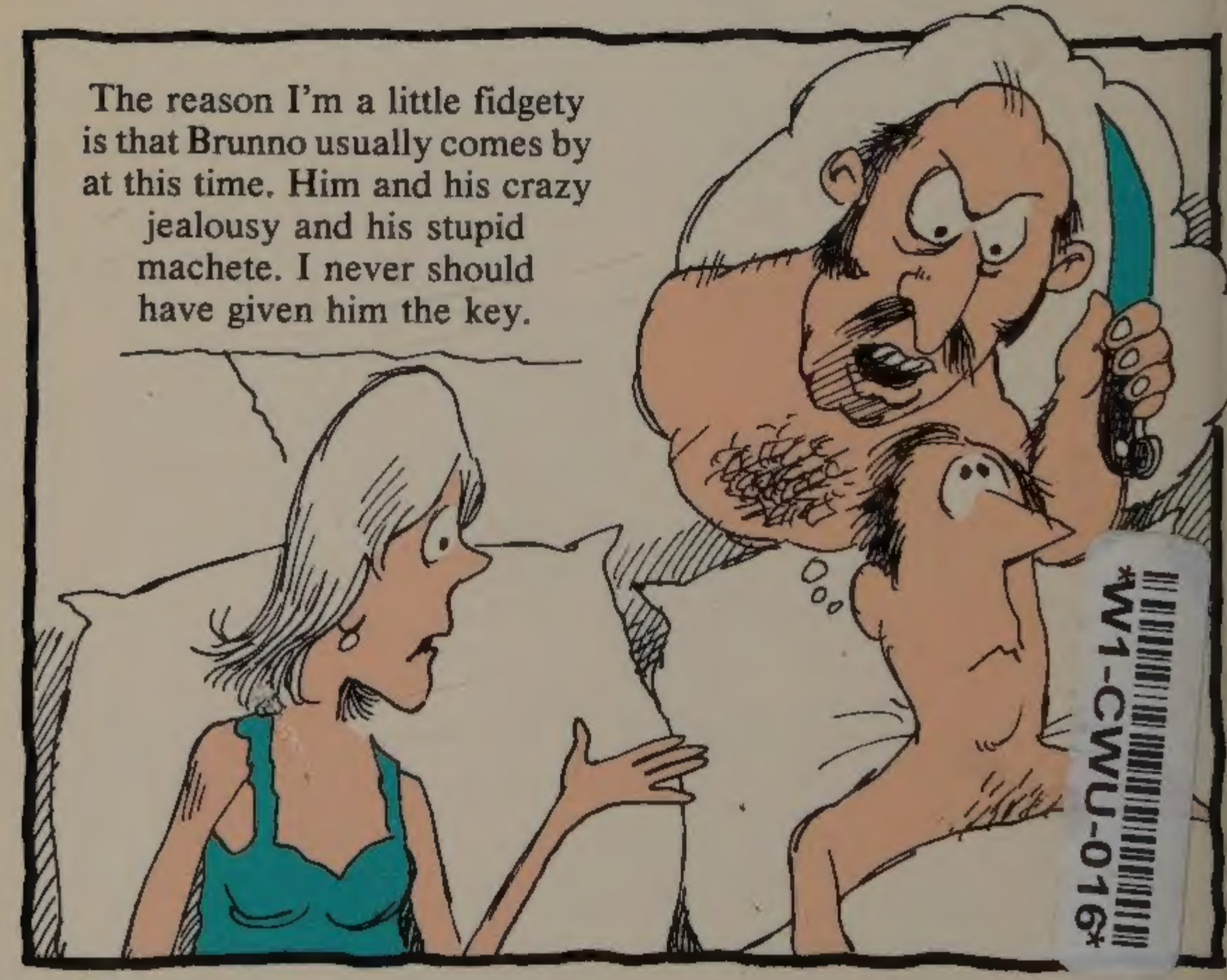
The reason I'm a little fidgety is that Brunno usually comes by at this time. Him and his crazy jealousy and his stupid machete. I never should have given him the key.

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